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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Literary Souvenir, or Cabinet of Poetry and Romance.* With numerous splendid Engravings. London: Hurst & Co.

CERTAINLY England is the land for competition. The worst of schemes and the most ridiculous of follies never want their votaries; and when any thing good is started and succeeds, it is no wonder that there should soon be plenty of rivalry and emulation. Thus it has been with Annuals, if we may so designate publications of the kind now before us. The date is not very distant when a few silly almanacks, Moore's, the Belfast, the Aberdeen, and such like trumpery, were all the productions which a coming year required or obtained. Neater Diaries, with blank leaves for memoranda, were then sparingly introduced; and these paved the way for a number of Pocket-Books, with useful lists, &c. suited to the wants of persons in various ranks of life. And here improvement paused for a long time; till Mr. Ackermann followed the example of the Continent, and set the example to our island, of combining graceful literature with the New Year's Gift, and rendering it worthy of the mind, while the Fine Arts were employed to render it pleasing to the eye. Original genius was called into effort where before nothing but the phrases of the moon were noted; a pretty tale usurped the place of a senseless hieroglyphic, and a sweet poem deposed the ancient Twelve Signs of the Zodiac with the bellman lines which told of their divine dominion over the parts of the human body. The public was much gratified with the exchange of pleasure and rationality for mummery and nonsense; and the 'Forget me not' was as popular as it deserved to be.

The natural consequence of this popularity in a country abounding in capital and enterprise was, that many other works of the same character should spring up and advance their pretensions to a share of public favour. We have already mentioned one, 'Friendship's Offering,' in addition to the 'Forget me not,' for the ensuing year; and we have now to notice in the forthcoming 'Literary Souvenir,' another richly endowed claimant for attention and patronage. Indeed it boasts such a catalogue of contributors, that were one half of their compositions to be published as a volume at any period of the year, we should be inclined to rank it among the most striking productions of the press, and treat it, perhaps, with greater consideration than we pay to the whole together, assuming the more toy-like shape of a Christmas offering. That the 'Souvenir' rises far above this order will be felt when we state, that among its contents are original pieces by Sir W. Scott, Campbell, Bowles, Hemans, the author of the Improvisatrice, Montgomery, Matraïn, Allan Cunningham, Archdeacon Wingham, Wiffen, A. A. Watts (the Editor), Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd, and many other well known names,

as well as anonymous contributions by very able writers who have chosen to remain incognito.

There are, in fact, above sixty Tales, Romances, and Poems, &c. by these distinguished persons; and the volume is adorned by several admirable engravings of subjects well chosen for its illustration. That it therefore assumes a degree of interest which leads us into something like a regular review and criticism is not surprising; but where so many beauties offer themselves to us for selection, we should do wrong to indulge farther in this wordy propensity. Adieu, then, to our prose: make way for some of the poetry of the Souvenir, and as we are true lovers of their delicious talents—*Places aux Dames!* How finely does our charming Mrs. Hemans display her noble feelings in 'The Grave of Körner'—a hero worthy to be mourned by a female lyre.

Green wave the Oak for ever o'er thy rest!  
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,  
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,  
Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest!  
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,  
Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest, Bard! rest, Soldier!—By the Father's hand,  
Here shall the Child of after-years be led,  
With his wreath-offering silently to stand  
In the hushed presence of the glorious dead,  
Soldier and Bard!—For thou thy path hast trod  
With Freedom and with God!

The Oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite!  
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee,  
And with true hearts, thy brethren of the fight  
Wept as they valled their drooping banners o'er thee;  
And the deep guns with rolling peals gave token,  
That Lyre and Sword were broken!

Thou hast a hero's tomb!—A lowlier bed  
Is hers, the gentle girl, beside thee lying,  
The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young head,  
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.  
Brother! true friend! the tender and the brave!  
She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for her  
To whom the wide earth held that only spot—  
—She loved thee!—lovely in your lives ye were,  
And in your early deaths divided not! [she]  
Thou hast thine Oak—thy trophy—what hath  
Her own blest place by thee.

It was thy spirit, Brother! which had made  
The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,  
Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye played,  
And sent glad singing through the free blue sky!  
Ye were but two!—and when that spirit passed,  
Woe for the one, the last!

Woe, yet not long!—She lingered but to trace  
Thine image from the image in her breast;  
Once, once again to see that buried face  
But smile upon her ere she went to rest!  
Too sad a smile!—its living light was o'er,  
It answered hers no more!

\* \* The Poems of Körner, which were chiefly devoted to the cause of his country, are strikingly distinguished by religious feeling, and a confidence in the Supreme Justice for the final deliverance of Germany."

The Earth grew silent when thy voice departed,  
The Home too lonely whence thy step had fled;  
What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted?  
Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead!  
Softly she perished—be the Flower deplored  
Here, with the Lyre and Sword!

Have ye not met ere now?—So let those trust,  
That meet for moments but to part for years,  
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from  
dust,

That love where love is but a fount of tears!  
Brother! sweet Sister!—peace around ye dwell!  
Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!

Beautiful as this is, we can place a fit  
companion by its side in the lines which  
L. E. L. has written to illustrate the en-  
graving of 'The Decision of the Flower,'  
from Goëthe's Faustus. They are at once  
playful, and replete with tender sentiment.

— 'Tis a history  
Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale.  
Southey's Thalatta.

There is a flower, a purple flower,  
Sown by the wind, nursed by the shower,  
O'er which Love has breathed a power and spell  
The truth of whispering hope to tell.  
Lightly the maiden's cheek has prest  
The pillow of her dreaming rest,  
Yet a crimson blush is over it spread  
As her lover's lip had lighted its red.  
Yes, sleep before her eyes has brought  
The image of her waking thought,—  
That one thought hidden from all the world,  
Like the last sweet hue in the rose-bud curled.

The dew is yet on the grass and leaves,  
The silver veil which the morning weaves (sun  
To throw o'er the roses, those brides which the  
Mist weaves and win ere the day be done,  
She bided back her beautiful hair  
O'er a brow like Italian marble fair.  
She is gone to the fields where the corn uprears  
Like an eastern army its golden spears.  
The lark flew up as she passed along,  
And poured from a cloud his sunny song;  
And many bright insects were on wing,  
Or lay on the blossoms glistening;  
And with scarlet poppies around like a bower,  
Found the maiden her mystic flower.  
Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell  
If my lover loves me, and loves me well;  
So may the fall of the morning dew  
Keep the sun from fading thy tender blue.  
Now I number the leaves for my lot,  
He loves not, he loves me, he loves me not;  
He loves me,—yes; thou last leaf, yes,  
I'll pluck thee not, for that last sweet guess!  
"He loves me," "Yes," a dear voice sighed:—  
And her lover stands by Margaret's side.

Great though be the masculine names  
which adorn these pages, we are sure the  
proudest of them would be flattered by fol-  
lowing in this train. Yet we are at a loss  
whom to station foremost. Stand forth, how-  
ever, James Hogg, for thy verse is chival-  
rous, imaginative, and gallant.

*Invocation to the Queen of the Fairies.*  
No Muse was ever invoked by me,  
But a harp uncouth of olden key;  
And with her have I ranged the border green,  
The Grampians stern, and the starry sheen;  
With my gray plaid flapping around the strings,  
And my ragged coat with its waving wings,  
But my heart beat quick and high,  
When an air of heaven in passing by

Breathed on the mellow chords, and then  
I knew it was no earthly strain;  
But a rapt note borne upon the wind  
From some blest land of unbodied kind;  
But whence it flew, or whether it came  
From the sounding rock, or the solar beam,  
Or the seraph choir, as passing away  
O'er the bridge of the sky in the showery day,  
When the cloudy curtain pervaded the east,  
And the sun-beam kissed its watery breast;  
In vain I looked to the cloud over head;  
To the echoing mountain, dark and dread;  
To the sun-fawn fleet, and aerial bow;  
I knew not whence were the strains till now.

They were from thee, thou radiant dame,  
O'er Fancy's region that reign'st supreme!  
Thou lovely thing of beauty so bright,  
Of everlasting new delight;  
Of foible, of freak, of gambol and glee;  
Of all that teases,  
And all that pleases.

All that we fret at, yet love to see.  
In petulance, pity, and passions refined,  
Thou emblem extreme of the female mind!

Thou seest thyself, and smil'st to see  
A shepherd kneel on his sword to thee;  
But sure thou wilt come, with thy tuneful train,  
To assist in his last and lingering strain.  
O come from thy halls of the emerald bright,  
Thy bowers of the green and the mellow light,  
That shrink from the blaze of the summer noon,  
And ope to the light of the modest moon;  
I long to hail the enchanting mien  
Of my loved Muse, my Fairy Queen,  
Her rokelay of green with its sparry hue,  
Its warp of the moonbeam and web of the dew;  
The smile where a thousand witcheries play,  
And the eye that steals the soul away;  
The strains that tell they were never mundane,  
And the bells of her palmyr's flowing mane;  
Ere now have I heard their tinklings light,  
And seen my Queen at the noon of the night  
Pass by with her train in the still moonlight.

Then she, who raised old Edmund's lay  
Above the strains of the olden day  
And waked the bard of Avon's theme  
To the visions of a midnight dream;  
And even the harp that rang abroad  
O'er all the paradise of God,  
And the sons of the morning with it drew,  
By her was remodelled and strung anew,  
Come thou to my bower deep in the dell,  
Thou Queen of the land 'twixt heaven and hell,  
That land of a thousand gilded domes,  
The richest region that Fancy roams!

I have sought for thee in the blue harebell,  
And deep in the foxglove's silken cell,  
For I feared thou hadst drank of its potion deep,  
And the breeze of this world had rocked thee  
Then into the wild rose I cast mine eye, [asleep,  
And trembled because the prickles were high,  
And deemed the specks on the foliage green  
Might be the blood of my Fairy Queen;  
Then gazing, wondered if blood could be  
In an immortal thing like thee!  
I have opened the woodbine's velvet vest,  
And sought in the lily's snowy breast;  
At gloaming lain on the dewy lea  
And looked to a twinkling star for thee,  
That nightly mounted the orient sheen,  
Streaming with purple, and glowing with green,  
And thought, as I eyed its glowing sphere,  
My Fairy Queen might sojourn there.

Then would I sigh and turn me around,  
And lay my ear to the hollow ground,  
To the little air-springs of central birth  
That bring low murmurs out of the earth;  
And there would I listen in breathless way,  
Till I heard the worm creep through the clay,  
And the mole deep grubbing in darkness drear,  
That little blackmoor pioneer; [shone,  
Nought cheered me, on which the daylight  
For the children of darkness moved alone;  
Yet neither in field nor on flowery heath,  
In heaven above nor in earth beneath,

In star nor moon nor midnight wind,  
His elvish Queen could her Minstrel find.

But now have I found thee, thou vagrant thing,  
Though where I neither may say nor sing;  
But it was in a home so passing fair [there;  
That an angel of light might have lingered  
It was in a place never wet by the dew, [blew,  
Where the sun never shone, and the wind never  
Where the ruddy cheek of youth ne'er lay,  
And never was kissed by the breeze of day;  
As sweet as the woodland airs of even,  
And pure as the star of the western heaven;  
As fair as the dawn of the sunny east,  
And soft as the down of the solan's breast.

Yes, now have I found thee, and thee will I keep,  
Though spirits yell on the midnight steep, [still,  
Though the earth should quake when nature is  
And the thunders growl in the breast of the hill;  
Though the moon should scowl thro' her pall of  
gray,  
And the stars fling blood on the Milky Way;  
Since now I have found thee I'll hold thee fast  
Till thou garnish my song,—it is the last:  
Then a maiden's gift that song shall be,  
And I'll call it a Queen for the sake of thee.

As a contrast, we copy the honourable picture  
of domestic happiness and affection  
which Allan Cunningham has painted, with  
his pen dipped in all the colours of truth.

#### The Poet's Bridal Day Song.

O! my love's like the steadfast sun,  
Or streams that deepen as they run;  
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,  
Nor moments between sighs and tears,—  
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,  
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,—  
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows  
To sober joys and soften woes,  
Can make my heart or fancy flee  
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee!

Even while I muse, I see thee sit  
In maiden bloom and matron wit—  
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,  
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;  
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee  
As when, beneath Arbriggan tree,  
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon  
Set on the sea an hour too soon;  
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,  
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet  
Five sons and as fair daughter sweet;  
And time and care and birth-time woes  
Have dimmed thine eye, and touched thy rose;  
To thee and thoughts of thee belong  
All that charms me of tale or song;  
When words come down like dew unsought  
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,  
And fancy in her heaven flies free—  
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave of old  
To silver than some give to gold;  
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er  
What things should deck our humble bower!  
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee  
The golden fruit from Fortune's tree;  
And sweeter still to choose and twine  
A garland for these locks of thine—  
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,  
While rivers flow and woods are green.  
At times there come, as come there ought,  
Grave moments of sedater thought,—  
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night  
One gleam of her inconstant light;  
And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,  
Shines like the rainbow through the shower:  
O then I see, while seated nigh,  
A mother's heart shine in thine eye;  
And proud resolve and purpose meek,  
Speak of thee more than words can speak:—  
I think the wedded wife of mine  
The best of all that's not divine!

Poets can imagine what they please. How  
different from the foregoing is the following,

signed Bion, but evidently by a hand of a  
superior order!

#### Fidelity.—(From the Spanish.)

One eve of beauty, when the sun  
Was on the streams of Guadalquivir,  
To gold converting, one by one,  
The ripples of the mighty river;  
Beside me on the bank was seated  
A Seville girl with auburn hair,  
And eyes that might the world have cheated,  
A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair!  
She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,  
Just as the loving sun was going,  
With such a soft, small, shining hand,  
I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing.  
Her words were three, and not one more,  
What could Diana's motto be?  
The Syren wrote upon the shore—  
'Death, not inconstancy!'

And then her two large languid eyes  
So turned on mine, that, devil take me,  
I set the air on fire with sighs,  
And was the fool she chose to make me.  
Saint Francis would have been deceived  
With such an eye and such a hand:  
But one week more, and I believed  
As much the woman as the sand.

It is one of the charms of this little book,  
that every new subject changes its tone, and  
that we are amused by the transitions, from  
grave to gay—from serious to sportive. Thus  
Mr. Montgomery, in his 'Friends,' again re-  
calls us to sober thoughts.

Friend after friend departs;  
Who hath not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end;  
Were this frail world our final rest,  
Living or dying none were blest.  
Beyond the flight of time,—  
Beyond the reign of death,—  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath;  
Nor life's affections transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire!

There is a world above  
Where parting is unknown;  
A long eternity of love  
Formed for the good alone;  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that glorious sphere!  
Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are past away;  
As morning high and higher shines  
To pure and perfect day:  
Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
But hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

Mr. Bowles has a very striking dramatic  
sketch on a historical passage, of which it is  
rather extraordinary that Shakespeare did  
not make any use in his Richard III.; we al-  
lude to the flying of Elizabeth with her se-  
cond son to the sanctuary, as related by  
Speed. But this is too long for quotation,  
and we must be contented with the following  
neat Apologue from the same pen.

#### The Swallow and the Red-Breast.

The swallows at the close of day,  
When autumn shone with fainter ray,  
Around the chimney circling flew,  
Ere yet they bade a long adieu  
To climes where soon the winter drear  
Shall close the unrejoicing year.  
Now with swift wing they skim aloof,  
Now settle on the crowded roof,  
As council and advice to take,  
Ere they the chilly north forsake;  
Then one disdainful turned his eye  
Upon a red-breast twittering nigh,  
And thus began, with taunting scorn—  
"Thou household imp, obscure, forlorn,  
Through the deep winter's dreary day,  
Here, dull and shivering shalt thou stay,

Whilst we who make the world our home,  
To softer climes impatient roam,  
Where Summer, still on some green isle,  
Rests, with her sweet and lovely smile.  
Thus speeding, far and far away,  
We leave behind the shortening day."

" 'Tis true, (the red-breast answered meek,)  
No other scenes I ask, or seek;  
To every change alike resigned,  
I fear not the cold winter's wind.  
When spring returns, the circling year  
Shall find me still contented here;  
But whilst my warm affections rest  
Within the circle of my nest,  
I learn to pity those that roam,  
And love the more my humble home."

We cannot say that any of the productions in this volume, high as is their merit, have pleased us more than the following. The two leading ideas in the first part are most poetically expressed, and the application in the end is very effective. It is written by Mr. Hervey, whose *Australia* we recently reviewed, and is entitled 'The Convict Ship.'

Morn on the waters!—and, purple and bright,  
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;  
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,  
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;  
Full to the breeze she unobscured her sail,  
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in  
the gale; [song]

The winds come around her, in murmur and  
And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along;  
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,  
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:  
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,  
Over the waters,—away, and away!  
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,  
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!  
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,  
Music around her, and sunshine on high—  
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,  
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!  
Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,  
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,  
Treading its depths in the power of her might,  
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!  
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,  
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?  
Bright and alone on the shadowy main, [plain]  
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate  
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,  
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,  
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,  
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,  
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,  
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within?  
Who—as he watches her silently gliding—  
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing  
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,  
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever?  
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,  
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's  
grave?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,  
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!  
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world, [ed]  
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurl—  
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,  
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with  
Fading and false is the aspect it wears, [sighs]:—  
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;  
And the withering thoughts which the world  
cannot know,  
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;  
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore  
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished  
and o'er!

There are, besides what we have quoted, a number of other poems, either anonymous or by the writers we have named, and others whose names are also popular. Among these we would distinguish Mr. Read, Mr. Wiffen, M. J. J. (a valuable contributor both in verse and prose;) and among the articles, Ismael

and Miriam, a very well told story; Leixlip Castle, an Irish legendary tale, by the late Mr. Maturin; Guyon of Marseilles, by the author of 'May You like it;' an Epilogue, by Sir Walter Scott; Lines on leaving Bavaria, by T. Campbell; Christine and the Criminal, two pathetic poetical sketches, by L. E. L.; the Magdalen, by the Rev. T. Dale; specimens of Autographs of Living Authors, and indeed, more than we have time or space to enumerate.

We must therefore come to a close, by repeating that the 'Souvenir' is eminently entitled, not only to take a foremost place among those modern improvements which we have called Annuals, but to a station in every drawing-room and library where female taste and literary predilections prevail.

*Rothelan, a Romance of the English Histories.*  
3 vols. 1824. Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh;  
G. B. Whittaker, London.

EVERY one to his liking, and Cobbler keep to your last, are proverbs of different principles, and though doubtless much may be said on both sides, we only intend advocating the last. Why, when a man excels in any one of the mental processes by which fame or money may in this century of inventions be obtained, he should turn aside to tread in footsteps never meant for him, is quite beyond our comprehension. Mr. Galt has strong and peculiar talents of his own, and for him to sacrifice originality at the shrine of imitation, is, to use an expression of his own, foolishness and blindness of heart. His genius is strongly imbued with, if we may use such expressions, the stayed romance, the quiet picturesqueness of his own country,—how many cabinet bits of exquisite description, how many touches of exquisite pathos, of the finest simplicity, have many of his volumes left to be long remembered! It would be to him the greatest advantage not to be able to read, and so be forced to write from his own stores of observation. Company, though good, is the ruin of him. Of the tales now before us, we have little to say in praise; the first is less interesting than its romantic original; the second more curious than amusing; and the last one of German horrors, in which he is quite out of his element.—There is also an history of an Improvisatore, from which we shall quote a passage as one of the most extractable and entertaining:

"It happened, that at the hotel where I took up my abode, an agent of the London Opera-house was then waiting for a favourable wind to transport him to Leghorn, on his way to Naples for the purpose of engaging performers. He was as little acquainted with Italian as I was with French; but he had a shrewd knave of a servant, a Neapolitan, who acted as his interpreter.

"This agent of the English opera had in his day been a cabinet-maker, and possessed about as much taste in Italian music as his own bidets. Having learnt that he was in quest of a principal male-singer, I sent for his interpreter, and told him, that I would make him a handsome present if he could give his master an inclination to engage me; and it was arranged between us, that I should make occasional bravura flourishes in walking backwards and forwards in my chamber, which was near the Englishman's, and that the cunning Carlo should as often take an opportunity of repeating a thousand fine things of the wonderful Bellavoco.

"Thus, to make a long tale short, I was in the end engaged to be first singer in the London Opera-house; and the Englishman, who had no more idea of our music than he had of that of the spheres, was infinitely delighted with my flights and flourishes, and those other absurdities which the chaste taste of the Palermitan manager had pronounced so execrable. He accordingly wrote to his principals, that in Signor Bellavoco he had found the most incomparable singer and performer then in all Italy; and that I possessed, in addition to the extraordinary powers and capacities of the richest voice, one of the finest persons on the stage.

"His letter was shown to all the musical professors and persons of taste in London, and mutual congratulations on so great an acquisition were exchanged in all quarters. The only circumstance which led them to suspect the veracity of the description, was his account of my person, to which, as singers both male and female are in general surprisingly ugly, they could not give credit. However, it was rumoured through all the fashionable circles, that *The Bellavoco* was to be brought out; and those ladies and gentlemen, the subscribers to the opera, who, in their simplicity, inquired if it was a serious or a comic piece, were informed that it was the name only of the most accomplished singer in all Italy. The bait thus took in London, and when I arrived there all the world was agape.

"It was late in the evening when I reached the British capital, and I sent immediately, on my arrival, to apprise the manager, who came flying to me on tiptoe, and with expanded arms. Jaded and fatigued as I was after my journey, he insisted on dragging me with him to a concert, in the mansion of a magnificent and beautiful duchess. Nothing could exceed the *eclat* of my reception. The apartments were mean and small, compared to those in the palaces of the nobility in Italy and Sicily; but they were crowded to suffocation with all the great of the greatest nation.

"The performers in the concert acquitted themselves so respectably, that I began to fear I had overrated the musical ignorance of the English, and also my own impudence. But the airs they sung were in a different taste from ours; and I was comforted when I heard the best of them attempt a popular Italian song. Toward the end of the concert, the lady of the banquet came to me, and begged me for the love of God to sing one verse. It would oblige her so much; it would make her famous for ever, to have it said that I had first sung in England in her house. There was no withholding this; and, besides, she was a beautiful and fascinating creature.

"The manager, who acted as interpreter between us, pleaded my fatigue in excuse, but without effect; for she so continued to implore and beseech me with a couple of the loveliest blue eyes, that I could not resist; and I sang accordingly one of my gayest songs, one which I reserved for jolly parties behind the scenes; but the English knew nothing of Italian, and I was applauded to the skies.—What taste! What sentiment! O, divine! Bravo! echoed from all sides. The duchess was transported into the third heavens; and the little manager was scarcely less in ecstasy.

"The King's Theatre, on the Saturday following, was crowded with such an audience



as was never before seen; legs and arms were broken in the crowd, and some four or five score of lives lost. The king's first minister got his head so jammed at the door, that, had it not possessed an enviable solidity, it must have been squeezed as flat as a pancake. But, for all that, the audience were in raptures of joy when I made my appearance; every song I sung was encored; and such, as it was reported in the newspapers, was my astonishing execution, that the orchestra could not follow me. This, I believe, was literally true; for I was continually running out of tune. It diverts me yet, when I think of the Londoners and their Italian opera. An old dowager, whom age had rendered as deaf as a post, and whose box was in the remotest part of the house, assured me that I was the only singer she could endure to hear since the days of Faranelli; I was perhaps, indeed, the only one that belloyed loud enough to make myself heard in the uttermost corners of that vast theatre."

We cannot say farewell to Mr. Galt, without wishing to see him again, but in his own clothes, not in other people's, which do not fit him.

*Voyage dans la Republique de Colombia, &c. Travels in the Republic of Colombia in 1822-3.* By G. Mollien, 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 628, with a Map, and several Views and Costumes. Paris 1824. Bertrand.

If the highest praise be due to travellers, who, like Baron Humboldt, unite an immensity of scientific knowledge to a superior degree of moral and physical courage, which supports them in the painful task of exploring barbarous or half civilized regions, bringing home an abundant harvest of information, and extending the bounds of science,—our esteem cannot be refused to those, who, not blessed with either superior talents or superior attainments, endeavour to atone for the want of them by an indefatigable perseverance which rises with obstacles and grows bolder in danger, resolved to triumph, or perish, in the accomplishment of the intended object. Such is the character of M. Mollien, already known to the public by his *Travels in the interior of Africa*, to discover the sources of the Senegal and the Gambia, in 1818.

We have read his present volumes with much pleasure: they contain a great fund of real information on all the points connected with the state of manners and society, the face of the country, and the wants of the inhabitants: the style is always correct, and sometimes animated; the author writes as he feels, and his pictures have the freshness of nature, or, as the French would call it, *la nature prise sur le fait*. His adventures are some of them remarkable enough, and furnish both precepts and examples for subsequent travellers.

Of the few extracts necessary to justify our opinion of the work, we shall commence with the author's description of the climate, &c. in the neighbourhood of Bogota.

"Subjected to the seasons of the elevated plain which commands them, the valleys situated to the west enjoy the delightfully clear weather that reigns above, with this only difference, that on the elevation severe cold prevails, while below, the temperature is extremely hot. It may here be remarked, that when the regions placed to the westward of the plain of Bogota have their summer, those which are situated at the same

height to the eastward are inundated by the torrents of rain that are daily poured forth by the clouds which escape from the Llanos of the Meta. A peculiarity, however, of a much more interesting nature which struck me, is, that the valleys placed on the west are grievously afflicted with the *hernia gutturis* and epidemic diseases, and that those on the east do not suffer from any of the same natural inflictions. In some places only, the black leprosy is occasionally seen.

"To render still more sensible the difference of climate that exists between the valleys on the east and those on the west of the plain of Bogota, it may not be amiss to add, that the harvest in the latter does not take place before October, while in the former it is reaped as early as the month of August."

To this we shall add what M. Mollien says of the capital:

"Compared with the other branches of art cultivated in Colombia, Architecture has made the greatest progress: and the improvement of the inhabitants in this respect is the more surprising, as they have had no other guides to follow than whatever books and prints they may have been able to procure. The huts of the peasants are generally built of mud, roofed with straw, and the doors made of hides. The furniture is of the same simple description. They are usually divided into two rooms, one for a kitchen, and the other in which the family resides. Round these little dwellings is a small garden planted with vegetables, and banana-trees, the favourite plant of the South Americans. The villages are in general constructed with more taste. The church is large and neatly built, and is commonly furnished with an organ.

"All the towns in South America are built nearly upon the same plan. Their founders have, in almost every instance, observed the form of a cross, in the centre of which stand the church and the principal square. The Capital possesses several advantages which are not to be met with in the other towns. Its want of cleanliness must be attributed to the climate, and to the great circulation which is constantly going on in its streets. Santa-Fé de Bogota is built in the plain of that name, at the foot of two mountains of considerable height. The number of inhabitants is estimated at 30,000 souls. The climate is generally very rainy and cold, the thermometer seldom being higher than from 12° to 14°, and frequently not exceeding from 6° to 7°. The sky is constantly overcast, and the inhabitants enjoy very few of those delightful days which are occasionally seen in Europe even in the severest winters. Notwithstanding the great humidity that reigns in the houses, the climate is by no means unwholesome, and very few of the inhabitants are afflicted with epidemic disorders.

"The houses in general are constructed with very little taste, or regard to convenience; those, however, which have been lately built, bear a more respectable appearance, and give evidence of a great improvement in this branch of art among the inhabitants. The houses are built of bricks dried in the sun, and the greater part of them are covered with tiles, and whitewashed on the outside. The interior presents a very mean appearance to the eye of the European stranger. Very small windows, secured with large wooden bars, are placed by the side of other windows of much greater di-

mensions; the rafters are seldom concealed by a ceiling; the walls are covered with enormous rude knobs; the doors are indifferently of all heights, and the use of locks is scarcely known, at least those which are made in the country do not afford any security to the houses. The use of glass in the windows has been only lately introduced; however a degree of more refined taste and considerable improvements are remarked in the construction of some houses which have been recently built. To wide and heavy galleries, have succeeded light and more convenient balconies; the ceilings are no longer deformed by the projection of the beams; the windows are without gratings, and the street-doors are better painted; a degree of cleanliness, in a word, is beginning to appear in the houses of the inhabitants. None of the houses are without carpets; the ancient mats of the Indians are no longer used by people of fashion, but are replaced by carpets of European manufacture. Both are intended, in the absence of fire, to warm the apartments, and to conceal the unevenness of the floors, in which the negligence of the servants leaves the most disgusting insects to swarm. Some of the inhabitants cover the walls of their rooms with stained paper; but the majority have them rudely painted with garlands of flowers, and with figures of geni, the style of which evinces at once the bad taste of the artist and of the person who employed him. With very little difference, all the houses bear a resemblance to each other; nothing distinguishes those of the ministers, and it would be difficult to recognize that of the president were it not for the guard stationed at the entrance.

"The churches of Bogota are glittering with gold and ornaments of every description: the temples of the Incas were never more splendid. Although the cathedral possesses less appearance of splendour, the treasures which it contains are of much greater value; one single statue of the Virgin, which decorates the altar, is ornamented with 1358 diamonds, 1295 emeralds, 59 amethysts, a large topaz, a hyacinth, and 372 pearls; the pedestal alone is enriched with 609 amethysts; the labour of the artist cost 4000 piastres.

"The three principal streets of Bogota are lively, and tolerably well constructed in point of uniformity, but are badly paved. The foot-ways are more convenient than in the other Spanish towns, and one may walk upon them under shelter from the rain, the roofs of the houses almost entirely overhanging them.

"The squares are spacious, and are all ornamented with fountains. The square of the palace is the place where the market is held on Fridays, the *coup-d'œil* of which is not disagreeable to a stranger, although no order is observed among the immense crowds of people who flock in on that day to Bogota. The market is supplied with a great abundance of meat, corn, vegetables and fruits of every description. Those of both Europe and America are there to be found. In one place we behold baskets of strawberries; in another, pine-apples, agnuncates, peaches, or apples; by the side of heaps of cabbages, carrots and potatoes, stand baskets of yucas and bananas; and close to bags of maize, barley and wheat, lie heaps of cocoa and loaves of sugar: on the one side are sold a thousand different healing plants, which the Indians gather on the paramos, and on the



other is seated a dealer in carnations, roses, and jessamines, &c."

A translation of M. Mollien's work is announced; in the mean time we shall resume the notice of the original, to prepare the British public for a publication to which existing circumstances give considerable interest.

*Lasting Impressions: a Novel.* 3 vols.

By Mrs. Joanna Carey.

As a prose writer, this lady's name is altogether new to us, though as a poetess, we have, we believe, seen it subscribed to pretty little morceaux in the Gentleman's Magazine. Of her present production, we will only say that we have found the characters numerous, and severally portrayed with discrimination. The narrative is diversified with dialogue; in which we observe that the ingenious author, aware, it appears, that "brevity is the soul of wit," has avoided the too common fault of tedious prolixity in *speechifying* and *soliloquising*. On the whole, it is an agreeable tale. To give the reader a specimen of Mrs. Carey's style, and her success in depicting characters, we subjoin the following extract:

"The dinner party consisted of the following persons—Sir William Conway and his Lady, with their son and daughter—Stella's lover, Mr. Wilmore—and Dr. Bellamy, a humane and skilful physician, who prescribed for the real and fancied maladies of all the respectable families and individuals in that vicinity.

"There were likewise Mr. Belville, a sarcastic, but good-humoured old bachelor—and his nephew Mr. Simily, who fancied himself a poet, and who had written some tolerable (or, as his uncle said, intolerable) verses in praise of Mr. Ashew's youngest daughter, the (to use the young gentleman's own phraseology) 'lovely, soul-melting Caroline.'

"Sir William Conway was one of those characters who may be found in all companies—distinguished by no shining virtues—remarkable for no extraordinary vices. To his Lady (whom he had married to please his father) he was uniformly *complaisant*; and to his children (of whom he was remarkably fond) he had ever been kind and indulgent. His tenants, while they *punctually* paid their rent, found him a good-natured and accommodating landlord; and his servants, while they *cheerfully* obeyed his commands, a quiet and not unreasonable master.

"In discharging his bills, Sir William was extremely punctual, and particularly exact; so that, among his numerous tradespeople, not one could be found, who recollected even a solitary instance in which he had failed to pay or to exact even the odd farthing.

"Sir William loved good eating, and prided himself upon giving the best dinners and the best wines of any gentleman in the neighbourhood. And his Lady (who, like a good wife, had prudently studied the *taste* of her husband) would condescend to go into the kitchen herself, and give the necessary directions for preparing those dishes which she knew he particularly liked.

"It happened, however, a little unfortunately—considering the sphere in which Fortune had destined her Ladyship to move—that this attention to the *taste* of her husband had tended in no small degree to vitiate her own. Her frequent visits to the kitchen had led her into the habit of observing the commissions and omissions of its inmates:

and the faults of servants, thus impressed upon her mind, were repeated in all companies, to the annoyance of some, and to the infinite amusement of others.

"With an understanding even below mediocrity, Lady Conway—whose education had been confined—often lamented that the present system of teaching so many accomplishments left no time for a young lady to learn what was, in her opinion, of more utility than all the accomplishments and all the sciences put together—the regulation and management of a family—which she had herself learned in early life, and particularly attended to ever since.

"In her youth, Lady Conway had (as she assured her daughter) been herself extremely beautiful. And, though Sir William—whose memory (she said) was *bad*—had entirely forgotten that beauty of which no vestige now remained, Miss Conway was disposed to give full credence to her mother's assertion, as she had been told again and again that she was herself the 'very picture' of what that mother had been at her age.

"Thus early taught to consider herself a beauty, Miss Conway—whose mind was weak and uninformed—was now, at the age of eighteen, vain, conceited, and ridiculous in the extreme. And, although her personal or *sterling* charms (for Sir William had promised to give her a large portion on her marriage) had procured her offers from men of good estates; she had declared her resolution not to marry a commoner, but to reserve herself and her fortune for some titled lover, who would make her a Duchess, or a Countess at least.

"As yet, however, no suitor of that description had owned 'the triumph of her eyes;' and she therefore looked forward with eagerness to the ensuing winter, when her father had promised that she should be introduced to the *Beau Monde*. And she no sooner heard that Emma was recently arrived from the Metropolis, than she determined to obtain from her every possible information concerning fashionable company, fashionable amusements, and fashionable dress.

"To be sure, her brother—a Captain in the Guards, who, though last mentioned of the family, was by no means least in his own estimation—he could have given her much information on those important topics. But then, 'he,' as she said, 'was so long drawing every thing out—and was besides so fond of quizzing people—that it was impossible to know when he was speaking the truth.'

"Nature had done much for Captain Conway: but, ungrateful for her favours, he had suffered Fashion to usurp her place. At the shrine of that fickle goddess, he had vowed implicit obedience: and he neither spoke, looked, nor moved, but at her command. Costume the most extravagant and preposterous disfigured his manly form: affectation the most absurd and disgusting obscured the lustre of an understanding naturally good: and the virtues of a generous and feeling heart were concealed beneath the semblance of listless indifference, or apathetic insensibility: and, in short, the Captain was one of those unnatural characters who have, at different periods, been known by different and numerous appellations—in modern fashionable circles cycled an Exquisite: and indeed, at times, even among Exquisites, he was thought to be *exquisitely* ridiculous.

"If his mother had possessed those qualities which give weight to the opinions, and

persuasion to the tongue, the Captain might have been a very different character.—It is from woman, that man—the lord of the creation—receives his first impressions.

He cons his morn'ring task beneath her care,  
And haps, with holy look, his ev'ning pray'r.

And those who have watched the dawn of reason on the infant mind, need not to be told how much may depend upon the precepts, and even casual remarks, of those to whom they have been accustomed to look up with respect and veneration. 'My mamma says so and so,' and, 'My mamma will be very angry, if I do this or that,' say the little prattlers, as soon they can *lip* their ideas. And happy indeed is the child, whose mother, at this period, is fully acquainted with her own influence, and uses that influence tenderly and wisely.

"Unfortunately, however, for the Captain and his sister, Lady Conway had been too ignorant to form the minds or manners of her children, and too conceited to be at all conscious of her own deficiencies. Such commonplace instruction as she had herself received, she imagined quite sufficient; and that (to do her justice) she freely imparted. Concerning their external appearance she had ever been particularly solicitous: and, as the Captain had been a handsome child, she had prided herself not a little on that circumstance.—And, lest strangers should not obtain a full view of his face, she had early instructed him, in all company, and on all occasions, 'to hold up his head, and behave like a gentleman.'

"Behave like a gentleman.—Had the child called upon his mother to explain that phrase, she would probably have been quite at a loss. Certain it is, that she never entered into any explanation on the subject: and the child (for aught she knew to the contrary) might have conceived that to behave like a gentleman was, simply, to hold up his head: and, in truth, he seemed to have remembered that part of her instructions: he certainly held up his head; for the whale-bone, that encircled his neck, would not suffer him to bend it."

This will suffice to show what Mrs. Carey's performance is, and we commit it to the lovers of Novel reading, as a work in which they will find men and women, the world, painted with a female's tact as they have appeared to her.

MEDWIN'S BYRON'S CONVERSATIONS.

THOUGH in the case of fancying himself a witness to a deed which did not exist, [see our last Gazette] Captain Medwin has shown that his memory was somewhat treacherous, or, that his mind was ready to assent to whatever Lord Byron chose to assert, we still consider his report of these conversations to be a tolerably accurate picture of his Lordship's manner and style in Italy. The question, of the propriety or impropriety of publishing, we shall no farther discuss: there seems to be a very prevalent opinion in the public, that such practices strike deeply at the root of social life and private confidence. Indeed, personality in writing has become the vice of the day. It pervades all our periodical literature in an unwarrantable degree; and disgraces some of the cleverest productions of that class which issue from the press.

But while the world condemns, the world buys; and every one, in turn, thus encourages the injury done to his neighbour, till at last

the case becomes his own, and, then, great is the outcry. In the meantime, persons known to be guilty of these offences are speedily kicked out of decent company; and if

On eagle wings immortal slander flies,

the despised slanderer is condemned to creep, reptile-like, among the darkest and dirtiest recesses on the earth. Captain Medwin, whose military rank entitles him to mix with gentlemen, and who is, we are told, the son of a respectable attorney at Horsham, would probably find it very unpleasant to encounter English society at home, in consequence of having printed this volume; so strong is the general feeling against such exhibitions of privacy, of character in deshabille, and of random talk which could never be meant to go beyond the walls within which it was uttered. In short, the gossip is justly reckoned as dangerous as the spy; and certain it is, that more mischief is done by the silly chatterer, than by the evil-disposed designer; that the happiness of individuals, the peace of families, and the comforts of society, are quite as much interrupted by tale-bearing folly as by lying invention.

Our concluding remarks on this volume must be brief and miscellaneous, for we shall merely run over a few passages which we had marked as particularly deserving of notice when we perused it.

At page 32, there is a statement which wonderfully depreciates Lord Byron's heroic devotedness to the Greek cause; for it shows that Greece came but *second* to Italy, and that his Lordship was equally ready to espouse revolt any where. He is made to say that, while at Ravenna, he was popular with the Constitutionalists, and that he was ready to assist them: "They knew (he proceeds) my character, for I had been living two years at Venice, where many of the Ravensane have houses. I did not, however, take part in their intrigues, nor join in their political coeries; but I had a magazine of one hundred stand of arms in the house, when every thing was ripe for revolt. A curse on Carignan's imbecility!"

At page 43, his Lordship equally denies taking part in any intrigues with Mrs. Marydun; and we observe it stated in the newspapers, that the scandal having thus been blown away, that lady has returned to London whence it had driven her. We were not aware that pretty actresses, especially those who survived the Drury Lane Managing Committees, were so sensitive: we could name half-a-dozen who would not be frightened from town for any period beyond a few months, by any such idle rumours. On the subject of Drury Lane management, Lord B. declaims against the drudgery of writing for the Stage at all, and disparages not only the old dramatists, but even Shakespeare. There is no accounting for taste or tastelessness, it is true; and if we may judge from the dramas his Lordship actually wrote, we would say that he neither condescended to the former nor felt the latter, for his plays were not made for acting, and have no smack in them of the age of Shakespeare.

The chief allegations of plagiarism brought against Lord Byron, were produced in the *Literary Gazette*; and at the time we were vehemently assailed by the Noble Poet's friends and admirers, who, we will confess, seemed for a while to have a majority of the public on their side. It was, however, a literary inquiry of considerable interest; and as our proofs were multiplied, and strong in-

stances (which admitted of no explaining away) were adduced, other writers began to adopt the same opinion, and without denying the extraordinary genius of Lord B. (which no person of common sense could ever question, and which was carrying our arguments to a ridiculously extravagant length) there hardly appeared one review or notice of any of his Lordship's new publications, without a reference more or less distinct to this charge, and without an admission, in degree, that he was addicted to this practice. It is now evident that he himself allows the fact: after Werner! how could he do otherwise?

"I am taxed (says he) with being a plagiarist, when I am least conscious of being one; but I am not very scrupulous, I own, when I have a good idea, how I came into possession of it.

"--- If it be a fault, I do not pretend to be immaculate. I will lend you some volumes of Shipwrecks, from which my storm in 'Don Juan' came.

"Lend me also 'Canti's Novelle,' said I. 'Did you never see in Italian,—

Round her she makes an atmosphere of light;  
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes?"

"The Germans," said he, "and I believe Goethe himself, consider that I have taken great liberties with 'Faust.' All I know of that drama is from a sorry French translation, from an occasional reading or two into English of parts of it by Monk Lewis when at Diodati, and from the Hartz mountain-scene, that Shelley versified from the other day.---

"I told him that Japhet's soliloquy in 'Heaven and Earth,' and address to the mountains of Caucasus, strongly resembled Faust's.

"I shall have commentators enough by and by," said he, "to dissect my thoughts, and find owners for them."

His Lordship recurs to the same theme in many parts; but these few lines will suffice to show that he would not go so far on this point as his satellites were disposed to go for him.

That Lord B. was sufficiently aristocratic has been seen from every trait of his character by whomsoever related; and that he was not a blind admirer of Buonaparte, Captain M. declares:

"Napoleon was his own antithesis (if I may say so.) He was a glorious tyrant, after all. Look at his public works; compare his face, even on his coins, with those of the other sovereigns of Europe. I blame the manner of his death: he shewed that he possessed much of the Italian character in consenting to live. There he lost himself in his dramatic character, in my estimation. He was master of his own destiny; of that, at least, his enemies could not deprive him. He should have gone off the stage like a hero: it was expected of him."

Hatred of the late Lord Londonderry, and a good deal of eulogy, or what might be called puffing of Shelley, are conspicuous towards the conclusion of the volume: we fancy that the estimation and fame of either will be but little affected by these sallies. Keats is treated most contemptuously in one page, while in another the Quarterly Review is abused for speaking of his poems with contempt. The details of the burning of Shelley's corpse is eminently ludicrous-pathetic.\* It is

\* Lord Byron and Trelawney were seen standing over the burning pile, with some of the soldiers of the guard: and Leigh Hunt, whose feelings and nerves

mentioned that Lord B. caught cold at this scene; and we have seen an epigram ascribed to him on the subject, in which the point turns on the difficulty of drying bones which had been so long wet by the sea! Captain M. was not acquainted with this amusing peculiarity of his Lordship's moods: but there is hardly one friend of his on earth whom he has not lampooned and satirised. Whoever offended, at some unlucky time, had their names hitched into rhyme, and were made sacred to ridicule; witness his lines on "My Boy Hobby," the sincerest among all his friends—his jests at Moore—his verses on Rogers, which would infinitely distress the amour propre of that gentleman, if published—the rubs in his Correspondence at Mr. D. Kinnaird—his reflections on Mr. Murray—his attacks on Lord Carlisle, and a hundred other cases well known to all who were intimate with or ever saw his letters.

But we have done with Medwin's volume, and with the reflections which it suggested to us. Other works and other revelations will still further develop the character of the individual who gave it its entire interest, and to these as they appear we shall direct our earliest attention. In conclusion, we will just observe, that however objectionable in principle, we consider this work as throwing a not dubious light on its subject.

could not carry him through the scene of horror, lying back in the carriage,—the four post-horses ready to drop with the intensity of the noonday sun. The stillness of all around was yet more felt by the shrill scream of a solitary curlew, which, perhaps attracted by the body, wheeled in such narrow circles round the pile that it might have been struck with the hand, and was so fearless that it could not be driven away. Looking at the corpse, Lord Byron said,

"Why, that old black silk handkerchief retains its form better than that human body!"

Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, when Lord Byron, agitated by the spectacle he had witnessed, tried to dissipate, in some degree, the impression of it by his favourite recreation. He took off his clothes therefore, and swam off to his yacht, which was riding a few miles distant. The heat of the sun and checked perspiration threw him into a fever, which he felt coming on before he left the water, and which became more violent before he reached Pisa. On his return he immediately ordered a warm bath.

"I have been very subject to fevers," said he, "and am not in the least alarmed at this. It will yield to my usual remedy, the bath."

The next morning he was perfectly recovered. When called, I found him sitting in the garden under the shade of some orange-trees, with the Countess. They are now always together, and he is become quite domestic. He calls her *Piccinina*.---

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*The Hackney-Couch Pocket Companion*,\* though literally a hackneyed subject, is a work upon which we might exhaust the panegyrics of criticism without being accused of partiality. There are some 1200 hackney-coaches, chariots, and cabriolets, in the streets of London every day in the year, which may, upon an average, be each, respectively, hired fifteen times;—thus, 1200 x 365 x 15 = 6,870,000 occasions in one year on which this little book may, and is likely to be useful. We have no inclination to say aught injurious to a numerous and respectable body of men who enjoy not only vested but great-coated rights—who are most valuable in the worst of seasons—whose continuance in their seats is of more importance to the community than the return even of Mr. Hume, Mr. Peel, or Mr. Brougham to their seats in Parliament—in whose care the reins of government have been entirely reposed, time immemorial—

\* London 1824. Simpkin & Marshall.

who are so well acquainted with the ways of the Metropolis—who are the most sincere friends to fare-dealing—who are the most learned and popular of grammarians in all the parts of speech which belong to our current language or vulgar tongue, and especially in dip-thongs—who, in short, whip up so many claims to praise that they must be deemed beyond the reach of the shafts of ridicule or the lash of censure: we have no inclination (therefore) we say, to speak slightly of the corps of Charioteers, but we will say that if they can turn an extra sixpence or shilling in a fare way, there is no class of persons more apt to do the needful. Their success is accordingly pretty particularly considerable, and we may reasonably assume that on every engagement, taking one with another, a little sixpence more than is due by Act of Parliament, is levied on the public;—upon the foregoing data, amounting every year to the sum of one hundred and seventy-one thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds!!

Far be it from us to hint that this poor "tottle of the whole" should not be annually shared by twelve hundred industrious and meritorious individuals (it is not 150*l.* a piece!) who have, some of them, families to maintain, and all of them duties to perform and pay; but we cannot help wishing to see the tax regulated and collected in a more even manner. This consummation will be promoted by the tiny shilling work we are now reviewing; which contains above 7000 fares from the principal coach stands in the Metropolis, alphabetically arranged.

And there are other minor considerations which recommend the volume to the public. For example, it is admirably calculated to improve the administration of justice. It is well known how much of the precious time of our police magistrates is occupied by listening to trifling disputes between the drivers of No. 1 and No. 1200, and Mrs. Dash in the one case and Mr. Stars in the other. All these being readily settled *by book*, the Bench will be enabled to devote greater attention to those other important and ludicrous affairs, which create so much wit, humour, and laughter in court, and afford so much genuine fun to the readers of newspapers. His presiding Worship will gain time to deliver *his own opinion ariaticum*, as a morning paper informed the world Baron Garrow did on the trial of Mr. Fauntleroy, where he sat *alone*, and on a single prisoner; and the number of excellent jokes and bon-mots on burglaries, forgings, committals and executions, may be largely augmented, to the great delight and edification of the people.

Again, the finance of the country may be benefited; for whenever all questions which are now so apt to arise among these parties litigant can be resolved by looking at page —, there will no longer be need of the present full Board of Commissioners of Hackney Coaches; and a proportion of the very able gentlemen who discharge that office will be at liberty to bestow their enlightened minds and active exertions on equally arduous tasks for the good of the nation in other departments.

But why should we attempt to enumerate all the good which this publication is capable of doing?—its admirable and powerful moral, political, judicial, and financial consequences cannot be calculated. Our chief object in these remarks has been to rescue an often abused class from undeserved odium. Poor men, whose every hour is numbered, to whom

"Fair is foul, and foul is Fare,"—who are truly the pilots that weather the storm—who have no place of rest, and while others may be lying must always be on the stand—who are, with all their merits, merely licensed members of society, and subject to every hasty, unnecessary, or improper call that may be made upon them—who are dragged about from day to day and all day long, without a will of their own—who are checked and pulled up by every body, and compelled to yield to the string as implicitly as if it were in the hand of a Capitan Pasha from the Grand Seignior—and all whose mortifications are quadrupled by the feeling, that, while they appear to be driving all before them, they are really themselves driven whither-soever it may please the many:—Worthy unfortunate men! ye have our sincere compassion, and we rejoice to see a book published which so entirely relates to your interests, and sets your concerns in so clear a light.

## LORD WAITHMAN.

A CLEVER *Jeu-d'esprit* under this title was promulgated on Lord Mayor's Day: it is a harmless, good-humoured laugh at the imputed vanity of the late Chief Magistrate of the City, chiefly taken from the reports of his proceedings. The following selections will make it known to readers at a distance from London.

"The Citizens of London have been proverbial, time immemorial, for their magnificence and liberality. No persons contribute so largely to all charitable and benevolent institutions. For every fifty pounds that a Duke gives to a charity, I could name you some Citizen who puts down his hundred: *Bis dat qui cito dat*—those who give in the City, give twice what they do any where else. And yet notwithstanding all this, though everybody knows how much more handsomely we do things than other folks, a laced gentleman at Court had one day the impudence to say, in my hearing, 'D—a me, how these citizens smell!'

"When I told this story at a dinner of the Aldermen, Sir James Shaw asked, why I did not pull the puppy's nose? 'For the best of all reasons,' replied I; 'the puppy was holding it himself.' I never said any thing which caused so much laughter; I thought Thorpe would have split his sides. —

"I think all Magistrates will do well, who insist, as I have done, on every offender against the fair sex being prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law; but I think those who see ladies under their protection insulted, will do still better, if they take the law into their own hands, and give the delinquent a sound thrashing. Even amongst savages we know this to be the practice, and I do not see why it should be otherwise among the citizens of the first city of the most civilized country in the world. —

"The safest ambassador in love-affairs, or go-between, as he is vulgarly called, is a blind man; and this I take to be the real reason why Cupid is usually painted with a handkerchief (a Bandana is the best) across his eyes. There is an old Jew of the name of Moses, in the City, both ugly and blind, who has made a fortune in this employment. Asking him one day, from the bench, (I like always to be studying human nature,) how one so blind came to dabble in love-affairs? 'My Lord,' said he, 'tish bekase

I'm blind.'—And why on that account? 'Bekase, my lord, I can't see. —

"People don't like to be called scoundrels. I never met a man in my life that did.

"When you call a man a scoundrel, and he knocks you down for making free with his name, it is a sign that he thinks he does not deserve the appellation. —

"The state of the body should, in all cases of dangerous illness, be attended to before the state of the soul. The one *may* be more important than the other; but while a man is preparing his soul, his body may, for want of the sustenance or care it requires, starve or bleed to death. I do not see that there is either reason or religion in this. *No reason*; for if you save the body, the *soul* can be mended afterwards; *no religion*, for you are not sure of saving the soul; and you only lessen the chance of so happy a consummation, by killing the body prematurely. —

"The Greek national airs are different from the English; for what reason is not so apparent. The same Greek gentlemen who danced so inimitably, also sang a number of glees; not one of which, strange to say, I ever heard before. Mr. Deputy Pericles, a descendant, I was told, of the famous personage of the same name, who was once Lord Mayor of Athens, sung one about *Helen's nose*.\* (the same Helen, I fancy, who run off to Paris, and caused the siege of Troy:) which made us all laugh exceedingly."

\* *Qy. 'HAEVOS?—Printer's Devil.*

*The Parliamentary Speeches of Lord Byron*, printed from the copies prepared by his Lordship for publication, deserves to be bound up with his Lordship's other works. The Noble Bard thrice raised his prophetic voice in the House of Lords as a speaker on the opposition side, but proved rather a less successful orator than a poet. The subjects were, the Frame Work Bill, 27th February 1812, the Earl of Donoughmore's motion on the Roman Catholic Claims, April 21st, same year, and presenting one of Major Cartwright's petitions, June 1st, 1813. From what he said on these occasions, it will be seen that the Noble Peer's style was ironical and satirical—that he was not very close in his reasoning or powerful in his argument—that he was addicted to dramatic quotations, and a few classical phrases not of the least known character—and that the highest praise which could be bestowed on his orations is, that though they betrayed bad taste, they were smart and salient. As an example of the bad taste, we need only notice the peroration to the first, where he says that only a jury of twelve butchers and a Judge Jefferies were requisite to carry the Bill into effect. We would as soon be tried by twelve Butchers as by twelve Bakers or twelve Fishmongers.

*An Epitome of the History, Laws, and Religion of Greece.* Designed for the use of young persons. By Thomas Stackhouse. Information in a new form is always acceptable, and many as are the publications which convey the same kind of knowledge as is condensed in these pages, still we consider it to be a very useful accession for the juvenile library. The abridgment is well done, though occasionally the language is a little too flippant for the grave style of education. There is a neat frontispiece—the paper is indifferent—the price moderate.

\* Rodwell & Martin. A pamphlet of 44 pages.

† London 1824. 12mo. Tegg.



*Calvinism and Arminianism compared,\** by James Nichols, is a very elaborate treatise, in which the doctrines of the followers of Calvin are controverted; and, on the contrary, the tenets of Arminius upheld both by documental evidence and reasoning. The work displays great reading and research in connexion with the subject, and argumentative powers of a respectable order.

*Dawson's Nosological Practice of Physic* is the result of twenty-eight years experience and practice, and seems to us to be an excellent and simple system of Nosology, and calculated to be extremely useful to the student of medicine as well as to the profession at large. There are points, of course, on which medical men will differ, but still the discussion of such questions is likely to lead to the truth; for instance, we consider Dr. Dawson to be quite mistaken in his opinion that dysentery is not contagious.

*The Confessions of a Gamester;* with an epigraph "The end of these things is death," as if it were not equally applicable to all other human pursuits. We cannot say that we admire this volume. If meant as a warning against the vice of Gaming, it is very inefficient, as it really displays more of the prosperity attending a successful scoundrel, than of the sufferings inseparable from a life spent in the most precarious fluctuations, constant anxiety, and cold-blooded guilt. It looks like a true narration, indeed, of a first-rate blackleg at horse-racing, billiards, cards, and dice; but it is quite tame, and develops neither the arcana of the science, nor the mental workings of the character who follows it as a profession. He lives, through his necessary temperance, in excellent health, to be an octogenarian; and during the few days illness which precedes his death, is perplexed, but not converted, by a religious physician. This is no moral.

*James Forbes, a Tale,* is founded on a striking and melancholy incident which happened some years ago, and involved the execution of a young man, of good family and not utterly perverted mind, for forgery. It is told without exaggeration, and is likely to be read with peculiar feelings at the present period.

*Miscellaneous Poems,* by Robert Power, do not appear to have any quality likely to save them from the fate of most miscellaneous poems. The author has not passed through life without feeling and cultivating its finer sympathies; but between such compositions as are thus inspired, and poetical genius, the gulf is unmeasurable.

\* Longman & Co. 2 vols. 8vo.

† Longman & Co. 8vo.

‡ Hatchard & Son. 1 vol. 12mo.

§ 1 vol. Hatchard & Son.

|| 2 vols. Simpkin & Marshall.

*Alonzo ou L'Espagne; Alonzo, or Spain.* By

M. Salvandy. 5 vols, 12mo.

*L'Eulité, &c.*

*The Enthusiast, or the History of Gabriel Des-*

*dry, before, during, and since the Revolution.*

By M. Picard. 5 vols, 12mo.

*Le Gil Blas de la Revolution: The Gil Blas of*

*the Revolution.* By M. Picard. 5 vols, 12mo.\*

ONE of the pains and penalties attached to

criticism, is the condition of chaff-sifter to the *Novelists*, which we assure our readers is no sinecure. Here have we waded through fifteen volumes, to be only more convinced of the truth of Solomon's dictum—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." The fertility of modern authors bears no proportion to their fecundity, witness the academical Picard, who has brought forth in six months ten volumes! the fertility of which we have not been able to discover. His subjects are excellent, and in the hands of Sir Walter Scott or Mr. Galt they would have become masterpieces of wit and humour: in the hands of M. Picard they possess little wit but at the expense of decency, little interest but at the expense of truth.

The Enthusiast of the last thirty years, and the Gil Blas of the Revolution, are yet subjects to be treated by abler authors, if any such choose to adopt the titles, as these two Novels will be forgotten before others can be got ready for the press.

Alonzo, by M. Salvandy, is of a higher character; and did he not view every thing through the prism of party, and affect fine writing, which nature and education have refused to his talent, he would do very well. As a proof of this, his 'Isaora, or the Christian Bard,' is far superior to his Alonzo. Historical Novels are generally every thing save historical, even though Madame de Genlis write at the bottom of the page *fait historique*; besides, facts and dates square but ill with the vagrant imagination of the novelist; and we would therefore recommend to Messrs. Salvandy and Picard, when the *cacoethes scribendi* again attacks them, to wander in the regions of the unknown:—there we may tolerate them, but not on beaten ground, every inch of which we know as well as themselves.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### VOYAGE TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.—VI.

We do not remember to have read so distinct an account of the Esquimaux sledges and driving as is contained in Mr. Fisher's Journal; and therefore, passing over other descriptions which have less of novelty in them, we extract his observations on these:

"The sledges varied more from one another in point of size than their canoes, spears, bows, or any of the instruments that have been described. On which account I shall give the dimensions of two of them; the one being about the largest, the other the smallest."

	Large Sledge.	Small ditto.
Length	8 ft. 5 in.	6 ft. 9 in.
Breadth or dist. between the runners	1 1/2	1 1/2
Depth of the runners	0 3	0 5 1/2
Breadth of ditto	0 2 1/2	0 2 1/2
Dist. between the cross pieces in both sledges	from 14 to 18 inches.	

It would seem, from the foregoing measurements, that although varying in length, they are all nearly about the same breadth. To account for the runners of the small sledge being of greater dimensions than those of the other, it is necessary to observe that the former were made of moss and skin, and the latter of wood.

"The sledges are drawn by dogs, of which the whole party have about four and twenty, each family having generally two or three.

The number of dogs required to draw a sledge depends upon the weight put on it; two or three being sufficient for an empty sledge, and four when there is a person sitting on it. I have frequently seen two people on one sledge drawn by only four dogs. Six or seven dogs, however, appear to be the number commonly yoked to a sledge, by which three or four persons are with ease drawn at the rate of about four miles an hour. On the ice they go much faster, according to the number of dogs. On two or three occasions I have seen a dozen harnessed to one sledge, when they go at a speed that would rival our mail-coaches. The dogs' harness is very simple, being nothing more than a piece of thong about seven or eight feet long, with a bight that goes round their neck, and is kept in its place by another that passes round the middle of the animal. All these draught lines are fastened to a stout piece of thong attached to the runners of the sledge. They have no arrangement as to the manner in which the dogs are placed in the sledges; that is, with regard to their being in pairs, or in any other order with respect to one another, —but they all appear in a group. When there are many in one sledge, two or three are sometimes before the rest, owing to their thongs, or draught lines, being somewhat longer. One of these headmost is always an old steady dog, which acts in some measure as a leader; therefore with respect to him, it is evident that his line is made longer than any of the others. When there are only five or six in a sledge, the most part of them are abreast of one another; but with that, or any other number, I do not remember to have seen them all abreast, or in any distinct order. Whatever number of dogs are yoked to a sledge, one man manages them, and that too without any other means than a long whip, by which he turns them in any direction he pleases, for they have no reins. The tongue indeed has something to do in the business, for the driver is constantly vociferating; and from the contortions of his face, and the violent manner in which he speaks, the expressions may be supposed to be not of the softest kind. To make the sledge go easy, the lower part of the runner is covered with a little fresh water, which freezes immediately, and becomes of course as slippery as glass; and if there should happen to be any crack or inequality in the runners, they fill it carefully up with a little snow moistened in water, so as to make the whole as smooth and even as the bottom of the best polished pair of skates."

Remarking on the most striking habits of the natives, Mr. F. says—

"I am very much disposed to believe that many of their kind actions to each other proceed from the fear of giving offence by appearing indifferent about one another's circumstances; for I never saw people more cautiously avoid doing any thing that might tend to displease each other.

"Their courtesy to one another I have remarked, on many occasions, to exceed that of people who boast of high civilization; for instance, when one is speaking the rest never interrupt him; and they consider it a great breach of good manners to be noisy, for on showing them some of the articles we received from the Esquimaux in Hudson's Straits, they immediately gave us to understand that they were acquainted with those people, whom they described, with great contempt, as being excessively clamorous,

\* This has also been published in London; and we find the Frocette turnings of the revolutionary Gil Blas amusing enough, though the work is not distinguished for any very high qualities.—Ed.

\* "At the island of Igloolik they varied much more than these; some of the largest of them being about ten feet in length, whilst others were not above half that size.

and imitating their hy-ahing\* and wild gesticulations; and by way of making the contrast more striking, they showed us their own refined mode of receiving strangers, which is by standing upright, and gently stroking their breast down with their hand; which we found to be the case the first day we saw them, and for two or three days after, till they left off that custom, and adopted ours of shaking hands. - - -

"In the afternoon of the 21st February we had the sun beautifully eclipsed. Some of the Esquimaux were on board at the time; but that phenomenon did not excite any emotions either of fear or joy amongst them. - - -

"I have observed that they use very little water in cooking, for the meat is boiled chiefly in the blood of the animal, which they preserve very carefully for that purpose. By this means their messes look rich, but certainly not very prepossessing: the more greasy any thing is, the more agreeable it appears to be to an Esquimaux palate. Train-oil seems to be as delicious to them as honey is to an European; for when trimming their lamps, I have repeatedly seen them lick their fingers with great relish. So careful are they that none of this luscious liquid should be lost, that on buying a small lamp from them, the man of whom I bought it licked it perfectly clean before delivering it. The bread dust which they got on board the ship happened two or three times to be mixed with a little oil; and on these occasions they seemed to relish it much better than if mixed with water. Many other things are eaten by these people that would be even more revolting to an European stomach than bread-dust and train-oil; but without entering into detail of the grossness of their habits, the circumstance of their eating the vermin from off their own body, which they seem to consider a very great delicacy, and of which, as their heads are pretty well stocked, they have always a ready supply at hand,—will alone, I think, sufficiently prove, if farther proof were wanting, that a delicate stomach is not one of their peculiarities. - - - It is but doing justice, however, to the natives to remark, that there are some points in which they are particularly cleanly; as for instance, in the care they take that the snow which they use for water should be perfectly pure. In order to be certain of this, I have seen them digging into the snow to a considerable depth before they would take any, evidently with a view of having it unsoiled by the foot of man or beast; and the precaution is indeed somewhat necessary in the neighbourhood of their huts, from their dogs lying always about."

In other respects alluded to by Mr. F. they are particularly decent. They also dislike spirits.

"Kindness to their children appears to be a predominant feature in the Esquimaux character, for I have not seen a single instance yet of their correcting any of them with stripes; nor does this lenient treatment appear to have any bad effect on the conduct of the children, for instead of being in any way forward, petulant, or disobedient, as might

perhaps be expected from the manner in which they are brought up, they are exceedingly quiet, well behaved, and respectful to their parents; and in point of keenness of intellect they so far outstrip the grown-up people, that one would be apt to suppose they belonged to a different race. Some of the children whom the women carried on their backs knew and remembered our names long before the old people did; so that I have repeatedly seen the grown-up persons applying to the children for information of this sort, when they were themselves at a loss for the name of any European. The Esquimaux women have always been described, and I believe justly, as not being very prolific, for they seldom appear to have more than three or four children. But to this, as well as to most other rules, there seems to be some exceptions; for one of the old women belonging to this party has had six children, four of whom are here, and the other two with another tribe. This, however, is the only woman amongst them who appears to have had so large a family.† It would seem that fruitfulness is a quality not much esteemed by the Esquimaux; for they, in derision, compare the European women to their dogs, from their being so prolific."

+ "The reason of their having so few children must be partly owing to their suckling them so long; for I believe they never wean them until they are about three years of age. And during that period the mother always carries her child on her back, (at least in the day-time,) for it is a rare thing to see a mother nursing her child in her arms, and still more uncommon to see any one else relieving her from her burden. The reason for their suckling them so long must, I imagine, be owing to the want of food fit for them until they attain the age above mentioned; and the nature of the climate renders it necessary for the children, whilst of a tender age, to be kept in contact with the body of the mother, in order to keep them warm. In the summer time, they occasionally substitute the solar for the maternal warmth, by laying the children down on a soft skin to bask in the sun. The price of the milk, however, that they can enjoy this luxury is but short; therefore (as has been already observed) the children may be said to be nurtured almost entirely by the milk and warmth of their mother."

- - - Nisi quæ terris semota, suisque  
Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et edit.  
Hor. Ep. II. 1.

QUINTILIAN'S remark, "Vetera semper in laude, presentia in fastidio," is equally applicable to our own age and country. There are, however, many exceptions to this general proposition, and therefore we must consider of what particular nature are these "vetera." They may be comprised under two heads, each capable of sundry subdivisions, viz.—1. Old Farthings, &c.; 2. Old Poets, &c. The proportion which an old farthing bears to a new farthing, is as a rushlight to a Fellow of the Royal Society! "Stop there, (cries some mathematical old Quiz,) the proof, Sir, if you please: Assertion without proof is as indigestible as a pound of lead or a Norfolk dumpling; or, to use the Johnsonian phraseology, 'it is like knocking a stranger down, and then with hat in hand begging his pardon for so rude a salutation!'" To the proof then, since it is so indispensable: voila!

1 Farthing of Geo. IV. = 1 Rushlight.  
1 Old Coin, marked with a few illegible characters =  
1 thick 4to. = 1 F.R.S.  
∴ new 3d : old 3d :: rushlight : F.R.S. Q.E.D.

The 'Antiquarianomania' raged with all its virulence in the Augustan era, if we may credit Horace, who informs us (Sat. II. 3) that one Damasippus, a Roman Senator, purchased some rare piece of antiquated goods, not worth a "brass farthing," for the sum of one hundred thousand sesterces, or upwards of

800l. of our money. Horace, however, calls him a madman for his pains; which epithet (pace vestra dixerim, doctissimi antiquarii) is of course applicable to moderns of the same class, who give as much for an old moth-eaten black-letter volume as would purchase all the poetry and philosophy of England, provided each title-page bore the modern date of 1824. Indeed, the whole business of some persons lives is employed in antiquarian researches: "Alas! (we may well exclaim with Adam Smith,) this is but unprofitable labour." Such, however, is the human disposition: the possession of rarities, however trifling their intrinsic value, humours our natural vanity, by giving us at least some ideal superiority over our neighbours: and why not as well squander away a few thousands on an old book, coin, or any other rarity, as upon a pearl or diamond?—Nevertheless, it is a great pity that we cannot add to our other titles of LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A. &c. that more distinguished title, F.I.R.F. "Possessor of the Invaluable Roman Farthing," or something of the same description.

The 2d head, viz. "Old Poets, &c." is a more serious subject of discussion. Many individuals, whose names now stand pre-eminent in the annals of literature and the arts, once lived in circumstances of the deepest distress. Of this, likewise, Horace complains, and feelingly too—

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse,  
Compositum illepidive patetur, sed qui auper, &c.

The celebrated names of Cervantes, Benti-voglio, Camoens, Correggio, Spenser, Butler, Dryden, Otway, and many others, may well raise the blush of honest indignation: some of whom died of starvation, others of imprisonment, others of neglect and scorn, and others of insanity; while some have fled to self-destruction, as to the last refuge from despair. So perished characters, for whom, as we now see them through the lapse of intervening years, admiration, pity, and esteem, are predominant in every bosom. And then, too, Poor Chatterton! Thou,—but I cannot better express my feelings towards thee, than by acknowledging that they have induced me to "perpetrate" the following Stanzas to thy memory—

Mute-sorrowing stood th' Aonian quire,—  
Hush'd was Thalia's song of gladness,  
While from the Muse of Sorrow's lyre  
Flow'd forth the mournful strain of sadness:

"Is then th' unhappy minstrel dead?  
Breathes hapless Chatterton no more?—  
Then, Poesy, thy soul has fled  
Far—far from lov'd Britannia's shore!

Ah, cruel lute!—Ah, faithless lyre!—  
In vain each softest note he tried,  
Or struck the loud-rousounding wire;—  
Despis'd he liv'd,—unpitied died!

Yet, scattering wide Oblivion's gloom,  
To him shall Memory fondly turn,  
Bend, weeping, o'er his hallow'd tomb,  
And bind with laurel-wreaths his urn.

And many a kindred heart that glows,  
E'eraptur'd with his sweetest songs,  
Shall melt with pity for his woes,  
And burn with anger for his wrongs!" Q.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT AND KALENDAR  
FOR NOVEMBER.

THE weather during October has been most unfavourable for housing such crops as were still out in the cold elevated districts of the northern counties. Much barley has been malted in the field, and some rendered use-

\* "These people also make use of the exclamation hy-ah: when any thing is shown them that strikes their fancy forcibly; but instead of ejaculating in a loud tone, it is uttered with a peculiar lengthened cadence, which is continued until the voice is scarcely audible."

† "So different is their taste from ours, that sugar, or any thing that is sweet, seems to be nauseous to them. At Igloolik I saw one or two who could eat sugar; but they may be considered only as exceptions when compared with the numbers that evinced a dislike to it."

less. The oats in Lammermuir, and similar districts of Scotland, have scarcely ripened, and will be of inferior quality. Prices, in consequence, look up; but we trust the opening of the ports will prevent them from getting higher. High prices are hailed by the farmer; but what do they avail him? If they continue for any time, so as to occasion a new scale of rents, they are ruinous. Let us hope that the liberal policy of the present Ministers will soon render the fortunes of the farmer less precarious, by making the trade in corn as near as possible free—and in time free.

The potatoe crop has not turned out either abundant, or very mealy, as might have been expected. Turnips, carrots, field-beets, and parsnips, where grown, are excellent; but late-sown wheats on wet poached land is not a favourable circumstance with reference to next year's crop.

The operations of November are few. The sowing and taking of crops are finishing, if not finished, as it is desirable they should be in October. Then the grand winter labours of ploughing, carting out manure, and threshing, occupy this and the two succeeding months. Hedges are also dressed at this season, and trees pruned where the bark is not an object for the tanner.

Live stock of every description should now be carefully attended to; for if they are allowed to decline in health, or lose flesh at this time, it will generally be found impossible to recover them till next Spring. Nothing gives a meaner idea of the circumstances of a farmer than the poverty of his live stock, and especially of his working horses. Poultry are moulting, and require to be kept warm and well fed; and Dorsetshire ewes begin to drop their lambs, which should be immediately housed with the mother to prepare for Christmas.

#### MEDICAL REPORT.

With cheerful fires ablaze  
The humid air: and let your table smoke  
With spiced roast or baked.—*Armstrong.*

No advice can be more applicable to the present season, than that which we have selected for our motto. The humidity of October was almost unprecedented; and as the temperature was, also, variable, many of the occasional autumnal diseases assumed the character of epidemics, and made their attack with unusual virulence. Rheumatism continued to rack the joints and convert the couch of its victims to the bed of Procrustes, in defiance of opium, stibiated tarrar, and colchicum; every public assembly afforded evidence of the prevalence of coughs and catarrhal affections; sallow countenances, and knees pushed close to the fire, in some of the warmest days, demonstrated that ague was not confined to the Fens; whilst jaundice, cholera, hydropsy, and marasmus, were not sparing in their contribution of partners to the dance of Death. The most prevalent disease, however, was bilious remittent fever; and its ravages still continue, notwithstanding the Saint Martin's\* summer which has ushered in this month, so proverbial for its fogs and suicides.

All these diseases, and many others, chiefly occur in periods when the animal spirits lose a large portion of their spring and buoyancy; hence, even in the most favourable state of the weather, they are more prevalent in Autumn than at any other season; for it is in

\* When the first days of November were clear and warm, they were, formerly, called *St. Martin's summer*. It is mentioned in *Time's Telescope* for the year 1825.

vain to deny that the shortening days, the unrobing forest, the yellow leaves rustling in our path, the naked fields and the troubled atmosphere, which announce the approach of winter, diffuse a melancholy over the mind, followed by a corporeal languor which predisposes the human system to the influence of many diseases. Nothing contributes more to fortify the body, under these circumstances, than the cheerful fire and the social board; and we have always been of opinion that public dinners and entertainments, as well as private parties, ought to be given at this season, rather than in the Spring, which is the time of year in which they are commonly given in the metropolis, when danger is to be dreaded from the slightest excesses, operating on habits rendered highly excitable by the season alone. From these ill-timed festivities proceed many attacks of gout, the pleurisies, the palsies, and the apoplexies, which crowd the lists of the physician in Spring; and surely there is no necessity for rousing the animal spirits by artificial excitements at a season when Nature so bounteously spreads her board; and all things around us, and in prospect, contribute to infuse fresh life and vigour, into every animated being. Had we the control of the public revels, the languishing character of Autumn should be revived by the sound of the tabret and the viol; the voice of the orator, at the festive board, should rouse the energies of the drooping youth; art should grapple with nature, and the thermometer of health rise under the warm sun of social joy and hilarity. Mankind have too seldom employed the reason with which they are endowed, to counteract natural tendencies. They yield willingly to the despondency which gloomy weather induces; instead of cheering their spirits and stimulating the slow current of the vital fluid with mirth and convivial intercourse; they grumble out their discontents, and take physic; or, when they should drown their melancholy in the goblet, retire from society, pen sentimental valedictions to the world, and instead of the sparkling juice of the Tuscan grape, swallow the fatal contents of the poisoned chalice. We have always been enthusiastic admirers of those autumnal feasts, the Harvest-homes of other days; for we lament to perceive that even this custom is yielding to modern innovations; but our admiration of them has been founded on the conviction that they are rather festivals requisite to raise the spirit of the labourer on the termination of his annual task, and to lessen the anxiety with which he must necessarily regard the commencement of the inertia of a dreary winter, than a thanksgiving sacrifice. We would even wish to see something of a similar description introduced into towns, in order to dispel the demon of Hypochondrism and his legions of blue devils, which the fogs of November generally introduce.

As in our next Report we intend to present our readers with the pathology of Hypochondrism and Suicide, we will occupy what remains of the present with a brief account of another disease—Scrofula, which is also not unjustly imputed to the cold humidity of our climate; and we are induced to do so at this time, because the reflux of the tide of Fashion is now throwing back into the towns those whom it carried a few months since to the coast, among whom are many in every stage of this distressing malady.

Few individuals in these islands are al-

together free from, or have not, at least, some predisposition to Scrofula; and experience has proved, that the doctrine which affirms that it is confined to those of a peculiar temperament or habit of body, is erroneous. Consumption, mesenteric affections, and even insanity, in many instances, may be regarded as different modifications of this disease, although the term Scrofula is usually confined to express its effects upon those glands which come more directly within the scope of our sense of vision, from their situation on the surface of the body. The disease is said to be hereditary; but this expression is commonly improperly supposed to imply that the children of scrofulous parents have in their habits some matter, or virus, fitted to engender the disease at birth: instead of which it simply means, that they are born with such a texture of parts, and such a structure of organs, as renders them, when exposed to certain external causes, more likely to be attacked with this disease than with any other. It is, however, on this account possible to prevent its approach by avoiding the exciting causes; and thus to wear out, in a few generations, the predisposition which had been stamped on those individuals by their prime-genitures,—a fact of immense importance in a prospective point of view. The predisposition to which we have just alluded, admits of the disease being produced by almost every debilitating cause which can reduce the tone of the living fibre; such as imperfect nutriment of the body, either from too scanty a diet, or that which is gross, indigestible, and unwholesome in its nature; deficient clothing, and consequent exposure of the surface of the body to cold and humidity; uncleanness; the want of proper and regular exercise in the open air; sedentary occupations in close confined situations; over-exertion, particularly in study or in watchings at night; grief, anxiety, and all the depressing passions. To the use of tea and bread and butter as the, almost, sole food of labourers in manufacturing towns, is to be attributed, chiefly, the extension of Scrofula in the mass of their population; and it becomes a question, whether the sobriety which the introduction of the Chinese herb has promoted, compensates for the loss of vigour of constitution and power of body which have followed its use by that class of the community. What a contrast, for example, is displayed between the rosy children of the peasant, nurtured upon milk and bread, and beer and bacon, and the squalid progeny of the manufacturing labourer, scantily fed, as we have already said, upon tea and bread and butter! The former, rosy, vigorous, and alert; the latter, pale, emaciated, rickety, with tumid stomachs, red, swollen, and inflamed eyelids, and deformed with enlarged glands.

In the middling and higher ranks of society, the remote causes of Scrofula are to be found in the plans of education, unreflectingly adopted for producing a precocity of intellectual acquirements; and, as far as regards females, in the restraints imposed in boarding-schools, and the too early period of life at which young ladies are now permitted to mingle in the nocturnal dissipations of modish life. One winter in the metropolis, after "coming out," as an introduction into its fashionable circles is termed, is sufficient to blight the roses on the healthiest cheek, and to impress on the maiden form the decrepitude of years long before it has acquired the graceful characters of puberty.

From what has been said, it is evident that



the best prophylactics, or preventives of Scrofula, consist of that description of diet and regimen which is calculated to give firmness, elasticity, and vigour to the system, and to promote its nervous energies. But when the complaint has already appeared, we have then farther to think of attempting a cure. As it is a disease of debility, purgatives and all evacuants, which are generally administered under the idea of the existence of some acrimonious humour which ought to be expelled, are detrimental. On the contrary, whatever medicines are employed should be of a stimulant and tonic description; such as the alkaline carbonates, preparations of iron, Peruvian bark, coltsfoot, and such like: but much skill and medical experience are requisite in the prescribing of these, so as to accord with the habit, the temperament, age, and even the occupations of the patient. In the earlier stage of the disease, before the obstructed glands have taken on the suppurative process, the lymphatic vessels connected with them should be locally stimulated, so as to clear the gland of the viscid fluids which are lodged in it, and producing the obstruction. Bathing the swellings with warm sea-water, or with fomentations of sea-wrack or tangle, has been found useful; but perhaps nothing ever introduced into medicinal use is so likely to effect this intention as an ointment composed of iodine, the strength of which must be apportioned to the irritability of the skin of the individual. Iodine has also been administered as an internal remedy; but no medicine is so effectual as sea air, sea-bathing, exercise out of doors and distant from towns, and a generous diet. One circumstance ought ever to be kept in view: the curative plan should not be relaxed until the cure is completed; for to reside a few months on the coast, and then return to mingle in the visitings, dissipation, and crowded assemblies of the winter in the metropolis; or, in the cases of children, to the confinement and restraints of schools, can be productive only of disappointment.

#### NUBIA.

*Letter from Baron Edm. Von Rüppel to Baron Von Zach, dated from the Camp near Kurgos, the 24th of February 1824.*

"When in my last letter of the 11th of November I had the honour to communicate to you the plan I had laid down for the continuation of my tour, I was far from thinking that I should not be able to execute it, and that a concatenation of the most unexpected circumstances would destroy all my fine projects, which I thought so well combined.

"I will not detain you with a recital of the revolutions, battles, and political reaction which have rapidly succeeded each other in these provinces: in order to give you an idea of them, it will suffice to say, that the troops of Mahomet Ali Pasha, hitherto so triumphant, have been completely beaten in two points by the inhabitants, who have rebelled. You see by this how precarious my life and personal safety are; and what is still more unfortunate, I cannot leave this place without exposing myself to the most imminent dangers.

"What increases my uneasiness is my uncertainty respecting the fate of my companion Mr. Hey, who preceded me on the banks of the Bahr el Abiar, and of whom I have not heard for two months. It is impossible for me to go and rejoin him at this disastrous moment. In all my misfortunes I may console myself with being with the Ottoman troops. By good fortune, or rather by chance,

they are posted in an interesting spot, which it is worth while to examine, and determine its geographical position.

"A number of ruins of the highest antiquity is quite close to our Camp at Kurgos. For a long time I had these venerable remains before my eyes without being able to approach them, for they were on the other side of the Nile, to the east, opposite to that where we are encamped. All the inhabitants have abandoned that country, and the enemy make continual incursions into it.

"I at length obtained from our Commander-in-Chief a very strong escort of cavalry, which accompanied me to the spot; but the time allowed me for visiting these ruins was very short; I was obliged to examine in haste, and the account which I have the honour to send you will prove it.

"In crossing the Nile from the western to the eastern bank, and following the road on the parallel of the village of Gurkab to enter the desert, we passed in 57 minutes a long plain, formed of the deposits of the river, covered with briars and very high grass. In several places we saw the traces of ancient canals, now filled up, which run in a direction parallel to that of the bed of the Nile; an evident proof that this country, now a desert, must formerly have been very well cultivated. On the limits of this plain, towards the edge of the desert, there is an abandoned village, said to have been lately inhabited by Arabs of the tribe of Iuhellin.

"After advancing ten minutes in this desert of yellow sand, we came to a large heap of hewn stones and burnt bricks. The destructive progress of time has ruined every thing; all that resisted it has been buried in the quick sand. I could hardly discover some shafts of columns which were two feet and a half in diameter, and the capitals of which were adorned with the heads of Isis, from which we may infer the existence of some considerable temples.

"Twelve minutes farther to the East of these remains, a group of sepulchres of pyramidal form rises in this plain of sand. I counted thirteen of them, all of hewn stone, nearly thirty feet high, with acute angles, the exterior surface raised like steps, the corners of polished stone, and the summits truncated. There is no entrance to be seen on any side. Not far off we saw the mutilated head of a lion of black granite lying on the ground, probably belonging to a sphinx similar to those I observed near the temples of Meroë and Scheik Selin.

"Thirty minutes from this place, still advancing towards the east, we saw another group of tombs, more considerable than the first. On the slope of a sand-hill we counted twenty-one of these sepulchral monuments of various forms running in an irregular line from North to South. Some are of a pyramidal form, with the edges graduated; others have acute angles, the corners being covered with polished stone. All these pyramids are truncated, and the most southerly is distinguished from all the others by its particular shape. It has a socle twenty feet square and six feet high; two courses of stone projecting from a base, on which stands a tower 15 feet high, like a prism. This mausoleum, as well as all the others, has an entrance on the east side, which serves as a vestibule or gallery, as in the tombs of Meroë. The walls are adorned all round with sculptures in admirable taste. The bas-reliefs are much like those of Meroë, but in greater perfection;

they always represent the apotheosis of the deceased. Among these pyramids, as in those of Meroë, there is invariably one which is distinguished from the others by the entrance, the ceiling of which is formed by stones very well joined together, in the shape of a vault; it is the fifth coming from the South; besides this, its external front is covered all over with bas-reliefs. On the two sides of the entrance are the figures of two women, holding a lance in their hand, in the act of piercing a troop of prisoners. The draperies and attitudes of these Victories excel, in fidelity to nature, and in the beauty and delicacy of the workmanship, every thing I have seen of the kind, either in Egypt or Nubia. The sculptures approach altogether the most elegant Greek forms of the best period; I do not even except the temple of Teutyris. The Victories I speak of have nothing of that stiffness which we remark in that temple in the groups of giants. In general I cannot help believing that most of these monuments are incontestably of a much more recent date and origin than those of Meroë, which however is contrary to the generally received opinion. Are they perhaps of the same era as the inscriptions and obelisks of Axum? In those times the commercial intercourse between Alexandria and the countries of the interior to the South was more frequent and animated. The reason which inclines me to assign to the monuments of Meroë a more remote origin than to those near Kurgos, is partly founded on their state of preservation, even without taking into the account that the more southern position, the more abundant rains, and the greater heat of the sun, must have contributed to the destruction of the latter.

"I have yet to speak of a third assemblage of sepulchres lying to the south-east of the last group, at a distance of about five minutes. I found here nine pyramids, with acute angles, the corners of polished stone. Each pyramid has its entrance on the east side, the interior walls of which are covered with sculptures. The monuments of these two last groups are particularly distinguished by their bas-reliefs representing only the apotheosis of female figures; whereas in all the others they represent heroes to whom offerings are made. The more southern Mausoleums are the smallest; the highest are scarcely 40 feet. In the group of 21 pyramids, there are some which are at least 90 feet high. All these monuments are built of hewn stone without cement.

"This is all that I was able to collect in haste respecting these monuments of antiquity in my short and furtive excursion."

The remainder of the letter relates to methods of making astronomical observations.

This letter happily dispels the fears that were entertained respecting this adventurous and ingenious Traveller.—*Ed.*

#### INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

(Concluded.)

*Letter from M. Roger, Governor of Senegal, to M. Jomard, Saint-Louis 14th August, 1824.*

I must defer for some time longer writing to you respecting the several objects treated of in your letter of the 29th May last, particularly as far as regards the advancement of an Expedition for the purpose of exploring the banks of the Niger, (an enterprise of the greatest interest, and the success of which it would give me great happiness to forward by any means in my power.) For the present, I shall confine myself to sending you a few

documents respecting two of the questions which you have addressed to me in the name of the Society of Geography.

1st. Nothing of a positive nature was as yet known respecting the Cataracts of the Ba-Fing, or Senegal. The Moors and Negroes who had travelled in that country had only given, on this head, incomplete, vague, and often contradictory relations. I had interrogated several of them upon the subject, but without being able to obtain any satisfactory information.

M. Duranton, a merchant of Gallam, was the first to furnish us with documents containing any details of a positive nature upon this subject. This traveller ascended the river, towards the end of last January, as far as the cataract formed by the rock of Félou. I send you the description he has given me of it; though incomplete in several respects, it still possesses considerable interest.

The position of the rock of Félou is not exactly laid down. It appears by M. Duranton's report, that he took six days in re-descending from thence to Bakel, passing through the kingdom of Gallam.

He had first commenced his journey by setting out from Alliguel, on the frontiers of Bondon, a little above Sansanding, on the river Falemé. In the course of four days he had crossed over a part of the kingdom of Bambock, passing through the villages of Kakaya, Guelke-Moko, Borkone, Sayola (near which he saw a gold-mine), Farbaconta, Silmana, and afterwards through the desert which separates Bambock from Kasso. On the fifth day he arrived in the neighbourhood of the Félou.

I have hopes that we shall obtain some information, either through M. Duranton or M. de Beaufort, respecting the Cataract of Gowina, and those which are supposed to lie farther up the river. I have not as yet heard any very particulars concerning them.

2dly. I extract from the instructions which I drew up for M. de Beaufort previous to his departure, the following notes, relative to the geographical position of Bakel and of Saint-Joseph in the kingdom of Gallam, which the Society wishes to ascertain:

Bakel.	Lat.	Long.
According to Durand's Atlas	15° 03' 00"	13° 00' 00"
According to M. Dussault	14 53 30	14 41 40
The ancient Fort of St. Joseph.		
According to Durand's Atlas	14 15 00	12 30 00
According to the Chart of the Travels of Mungo Park	14 35 00	10 03 00
According to the Map of the Travels of Mollin	15 30 00	12 15 00
According to M. Dussault	14 38 00	14 12 00

Great confidence may be placed in the observations so carefully made by M. Dussault, who renewed them at several places, during the years 1815 and 1819, which he passed in the upper districts of the Senegal. It appears, according to him, that the position of Bakel and of Saint-Joseph is much nearer to the mouth of that great river than has been supposed; that they lie nearly 2° farther towards the West than they are laid down in Durand's Atlas, and that the difference is still greater in the map of the travels of Mungo Park.

M. Dussault has also determined the position of Moussala, a village situated on the banks of the Senegal above Saint-Joseph. It lies in latitude 14° 34', and longitude 14° 03' 30"; which proves that the river continues to direct its course, in proportion, much more towards the East than towards the South.

(Signed) ROGER.

Extract from a Memoir of M. Duranton, respecting his Excursion to the Rock of Félou.

About one o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at the waterfall. The idea I had conceived of it from the different relations of travellers was far beyond what really presented itself to my view.

The rock of Félou, which blocks up the river from one bank to the other, is, in my opinion, far from meriting the imposing name of cataract, as given in America to the Falls of Niagara. Here the water does not fall from a prodigious height, and does not cover the spectator with the wet mist which rises from the waves dashing against the rocks; it is merely a waterfall,—a cascade, it is true, more magnificent, more vast, and more majestic, than the art of man could possibly create, but still only a cascade, or rather a fall of water.

The inclination of the fall is distinctly visible, but is by no means extraordinary. The want of the proper instruments prevented my being able to ascertain it in a positive manner; but at the spot where I stood for the purpose of making observations, the level of the water of the river above the bench of rocks nearly corresponded with the height of my body, and there were about five or six feet between it and the level of the water of the river above the breakers.\*

The breadth of the bench of rocks by which the river is closed up, and against which the water breaks, is about a quarter of a gunshot, measured from the lower to the upper level.

Precisely in the middle of the rocks stands a small island, on which grew two trees of a considerable size, and a little grass. These marks of vegetation would lead us to presume that the river, even in the worst seasons, cannot rise much higher than the upper level of the rocks.

The flat rock which the waters of the river leave uncovered in the dry season, when they retire into their natural bed, presents a very singular spectacle, being filled with wells of greater or less depth, which are cut in a perpendicular direction in the rock itself. Some of them are full of water, and others are so entirely dry, that a person can descend into them, and gather the stones and pebbles deposited in them by the waters of the river on their retiring. The washing of the water against the sides of these wells leaves some marks which bear a slight resemblance to Arabic characters, and superstition does not fail to find something miraculous in their appearance. —

The appearance of the Félou in the month of February must be very different from that which it bears in the month of July or August. I have been informed by the natives of the country, that in the bad season they can clear the leap in their slender boats without the smallest danger. It strikes me, though I cannot positively affirm it, that the only way they can effect this in safety, is by keeping their flat-bottomed boats over the flat and smooth rock which extends at both sides of the breakers, and is covered by water in the rainy season.

On the left side of the river rises the

\* If the fall of Gowina is not found to be more considerable than that of Félou, it will serve as an additional instance of conformity between the Senegal and the Nile. It is known that the cataracts of the Nile, at least those which we are as yet acquainted with, are nothing more than cascades of one or two metres (a metre 39 inches) in depth in the low waters, and mere rapids when the water of the river is high.

mountain of Kaffa, at the foot of which stands the village of the same name. Still nearer to the river, and nearly on the same line with the Félou, lies the village of Lonnton within about a gun-shot of the falls.

After we had reposed ourselves for a short time under a banana-tree near the rock of Félou, whence we enjoyed a view of the magnificent scene which lay before us, we continued our route, keeping along the banks of the river.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Nov. 4.—The following Degrees were conferred:

*Bachelors in Civil Law.*—W. Heathcote, Esq., S. Taylor, Esq., Hon. A. P. Percival, Fellows of All Souls' Coll.  
*Masters of Arts.*—Rev. J. F. Moor, Brasenose Coll.; Rev. Owen Jenkins, Fellow of Jesus Coll.; Rev. A. Roberts, Trin. Coll.; H. Withy, Merton Coll.  
*Bachelors of Arts.*—G. G. Kekewich, Exeter Coll.; W. Trench, Christ Ch.; C. Floyer, W. Evans, Trin. Coll.; W. G. Meredith, Brasenose Coll.; J. Currie, J. B. Morris, University Coll.

#### FINE ARTS.

THE Royal Tapestries made for our Eighth Harry, from Raphael's immortal Cartoons, and lost to this country at the dispersion of the collection of Charles I., have, within these few weeks, been restored to us. They were obtained by Mr. Tupper, our Consul in Spain, from a palace of the Duke of Alva's, and are now to be seen in Mr. Bullock's Egyptian Hall. What adds to the value of this acquisition is, that there are two subjects more than are at Hampton Court, viz. the Conversion of St. Paul, and Christ giving the key to St. Peter. The whole are strikingly curious.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO ANNA IN HEAVEN.

Oh, thou immortal Spirit! whose bright form,  
Clad in ethereal tinsel, dwells on high;  
Bright as the rainbow that succeeds the storm,  
To bid the shades of awful darkness fly:  
May I address thee by an earthly name,  
And call upon thee as a Sister still?  
Oh! may I kindred with an Angel claim,  
Whose cup of joy immortal Spirits fill?  
If yet once more I may my ANNA love,  
And converse hold with Seraphs clad in light;  
Descend, bright Form, from realms of joy above,  
And to this lower world direct thy flight.  
Array'd in glory, all unseen thou art,  
Save when soft mem'ry pictures thee on earth;  
And then thy dear remembrance cheers my heart,  
And soothes the woe that gave my sorrows birth.  
Oft, too, imagination's fairy wand  
Shows thee reclining on some silver cloud;  
'Midst the bright azure of that distant land,  
Whose radiant beams far brighter glories shroud.  
Oh! hover near me in each trying hour,  
When pleasures tempt, or anxious cares oppress;  
My pilot be, when stormy tempests lour,  
Or joys with fatal flowers my pathway dress.  
My guardian Angel, and my Sister! stay,  
When short and faintly sighs my parting  
Point to the realms of everlasting day, [breath;  
And cheer with smiles the awful hour of death.  
J. D.

#### THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

By Alaric A. Watts.

(From "The Literary Souvenir.")

Fare thee well, thou best and fairest!—Duras.  
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest!—Duras.

My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in  
my eyes [thy feeble cries;—  
When first I clasped thee to my heart, and heard  
For I thought of all that I had borne as I bent  
me down to kiss [thud of bliss!  
Thy cherry lips and sunny brow, my first-born

## DRAMA.

## DRURY LANE.

I turned to many a withered hope,—to years of  
grief and pain,— [o'er my boding brain;—  
And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world flashed  
I thought of friends, grown worse than cold, of  
persecuting foes,— [thy youth's repose !  
And I asked of Heaven, if ills like these must mar  
I gazed upon thy quiet face—half blinded by my  
tears— [feeling on my fears,—  
Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came bright—  
Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone 'mid the  
clouds of gloom that bound them,  
As stars dart down their loveliest light when  
midnight skies are round them.  
My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life's brief hour  
is o'er, [me no more;  
And a father's anxious fears for thee can fever  
And for the hopes—the sun-bright hopes—that  
blossomed at thy birth,— [ed things of earth !  
They too have fled, to prove how frail are cherish-  
'Tis true that thou wert young, my child, but  
though brief thy span below,  
To me it was a little age of agony and woe;  
For, from thy first faint dawn of life thy cheek  
'began to fade,  
And my heart had scarce thy welcome breathed  
ere my hopes were wrapt in shade.  
Oh the child, in its hours of health and bloom,  
that is dear as thou wert then,  
Grows far more prized—more fondly loved—in  
sickness and in pain;  
And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe, when  
every hope was lost, [that thou hadst cost !  
Ten times more precious to my soul—for all  
Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we watched  
thee, day by day, [waste away;  
Pale like the second bow of Heaven, as gently  
And, sick with dark foreboding fears we dared  
not breathe aloud, [death's coming cloud.  
Said, hand in hand, in speechless grief to wait  
It came at length,—o'er thy bright blue eye the  
film was gathering fast,—  
And an awful shade passed o'er thy brow, the  
deepest and the last;—  
In thicker gushes strove thy breath,—we raised  
thy drooping head,— [of the dead !  
A moment more—the final pang—and thou wert  
Thy gentle mother turned away to hide her face  
from me, [bliss attained by thee;—  
And murmured low of heaven's behests, and  
She would have chid me that I mourned a doom  
so blest as thine, [as wild as mine !  
Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears  
We laid thee down in thy sinless rest, and from  
thine infant brow [solace now,—  
Called one soft lock of radiant hair—our only  
Then placed around thy beauteous coise, flowers—  
not more fair and sweet— [at thy feet.  
Twin rose-buds in thy little hands, and jasmine  
Though other offspring still be ours, as fair per-  
chance as thou, [of thy brow,—  
With all the beauty of thy cheek—the sunshine  
They never can replace the bud our early fond-  
ness nursed, [thee—the first !  
They may be lovely and beloved, but not—like  
THE FIRST! How many a memory bright that  
one sweet word can bring,  
Of hopes that blossomed, drooped, and died, in  
life's delightful spring;—  
Of fervid feelings passed away—those early seeds  
of bliss, [world as this !  
That germinate in hearts unseared by such a  
My sweet one, my sweet one, my Firstest and my  
First! [my heart is like to burst;  
When I think of what thou might'st have been,  
But gleams of gladness through my gloom their  
soothing radiance dart,  
And my sighs are hushed, my tears are dried,  
when I turn to what thou art !  
Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and takes the  
stain of earth, [birth,—  
With not a taint of mortal life except thy mortal  
God bade thee early taste the spring for which so  
many thirst, [my First !  
And bliss—eternal bliss—is thine, my Firstest and

Mr. Elliston, who is not usually wanting in activity, has some how or other, as far as regards "*Der Freischütz*," been completely distanced. Not only has he suffered the English Opera-house and Covent Garden to get the start of him, but even the Surrey and the Tottenham have far outstripped him in the race, and are, for aught we know, at this moment ready to contend for some other lucky venture. This being the case, we have very little expectation that another version of this Opera can excite much attention, or be of much benefit to the treasury. With respect to the construction of the drama which was produced on Wednesday, we may briefly observe, that it differs but slightly from that which was performed at the Lyceum. In this piece, however, all the characters are musical; an alteration, which at the same time that it may be highly gratifying to the lovers of harmony, is nevertheless disadvantageous to its general interest, as singers are almost uniformly bad actors, and any thing that may be entrusted to them in the way of stage effect, is generally spoiled by them. For the truth of this remark we need look no farther than the incantation scene, as it is given at this theatre, which fails in comparison with any other we have seen, for this very reason. The mode of bringing about the catastrophe is also changed, as Caspar in the present instance fires the magic bullet directly at the Bride, who is saved by the wreath of flowers, whilst the ball recoils, and he thus eventually becomes the destroyer of himself. The performers, particularly T. Cooke, Horn, and Miss Graddon, had ample room for the exercise of their musical abilities, which they did not fail to display, much to the gratification of the audience. The scenery by Stanfield and Roberts, particularly the wolf's glen, is beautifully painted, but the machinery might be greatly improved. The moon, in the first scene of the second act, regularly rose and set twice in about a quarter of an hour, and what is equally remarkable, when she had finally retired from our view, her beams were to be seen dancing upon the water just as resplendently as when she was in the zenith of her brightness. Who this ingenious mechanist may be we do not know, but we certainly think that a course of Mr. Bartley's astronomy, next Lent, would be of great service to him.

## COVENT GARDEN.

The Proprietors of this Theatre, thinking probably that we have had nearly enough of the French and German drama, favoured us on Tuesday with a revival of a play of Rowley's, called "*A New Wonder, or, a Woman never Vex'd*." Of the author of this comedy, but little is known. All that we learn of him is, that he was an actor in the Prince's company in the reign of James the First, and that he wrote several dramatic pieces; some three or four without assistance, and the remainder, about a dozen, in conjunction with Massinger, Middleton, and Webster, and others his contemporaries. As a writer, he is placed by the critics in about the third class, and this seems to afford a tolerably fair estimate of his genius. The play before us, which by the way is not his best, has nothing very remarkable either in plot, character, or language, to recommend it to our notice. It is nevertheless written in a pleasing and unaffected style, and the incidents are natural, and, with

one or two trifling exceptions, calculated not only to amuse, but occasionally to interest us in no ordinary degree. As however the piece in its original form is not generally known, we shall proceed to give a short account of the story, that our readers may have an opportunity of judging for themselves. Old Foster, who is described as a wealthy merchant, has a brother Stephen a great spendthrift, which brother at the opening of the play is suffering for his extravagance in Ludgate prison. He has also a son Robert, a virtuous young man, who, commiserating his uncle's situation, occasionally relieves him with small sums of money; but the old gentleman, hearing of this, takes the youth to task for what he calls his imprudence, and, as he persists in his charitable purposes, completely abandons him. Just at this period of the action we are introduced to the fair Widow, a lady who has lived to be seven-and-thirty years of age, and yet has never during all that time suffered the slightest vexation: at present, indeed, as she tells a learned divine, whom she consults upon her case, she has for the first time in her life been slightly annoyed, for, in crossing the Thames, she has just dropped her wedding ring by accident into the river. No sooner however has she said this, than the cook appears with a fine salmon under her arm, in whose voracious gullet the identical pledge of love has been discovered. In this distressing state of good luck, she thinks that a bad husband might possibly produce vexation, and she therefore seeks out the prodigal Stephen, and forthwith makes him the master of her fortune. Here again she is disappointed, as the marriage is no sooner solemnized than the rake reforms, and becomes a careful and a money-getting man. Shortly after this old Foster speculates in merchandise to a great amount, is completely ruined, and takes up his abode in what were formerly his brother's quarters. Here he is visited by his son, who, being under his uncle's protection, is enabled to assist him; but Stephen now pretends to be displeased with the youth, and in his turn casts him off, although it is in reality only to try his constancy, as he is secretly pleased with his filial love, and is arranging matters for the discharge of his brother's debts. These several incidents, with the courtship of Bruin's daughter by Speedwell and Lambskin, which serves to make a little variety, bring the Play nearly to a close, as, upon the arrival of the King, which takes place in the last act, the parties are all publicly reconciled, and the happy Widow, giving up all hopes of ever being miserable, is content to share her fortune with her new-made kinsman. In the performance of Tuesday we remarked but few deviations from the original drama. The omission of some unnecessary genuflexions upon the part of Robert, the suppression of the absurd incident of the fish and the wedding-ring, and the purification of a passage here and there, which would have been too licentious for modern ears, appear to us the only alterations that have been made. The circumstance, indeed, of Stephen Foster's being chosen Sheriff in the fourth act, seems to have been a temptation too strong to be resisted, for introducing a procession; and accordingly, Lord Mayor's Show as it appeared four centuries ago is presented, with every appropriate and splendid accompaniment to our wondering eyes, and the King now finishes the Play surrounded by his



gentle citizens, and ready to sit down to a good dinner in Guildhall. The performers in general filled their respective characters with great ability. C. Kemble in Stephen has a part peculiarly suited to his talents. Extravagance and dissipation he can always embody to the life; and one great charm about his delineation of such parts is, that he never degenerates into any thing like vulgarity, or for an instant forgets that he is the representative of a gentleman. His interview with the Widow at the Dicing-House, in which he is induced by the hints she throws out to offer her his hand, was played in his best style, and greatly applauded. Young in Old Foster has by no means so good a part, and this may probably be the reason why he played more carelessly than he is wont to do; we fear at the same time that his success in Sir Pertinax has done him as much harm as good, as in all his parts we can now occasionally trace something approaching to the Scotch accent, or at all events to the Scotch mode of intonation. In one scene, however, the reconciliation with his son, he was more happy, and powerfully excited the sympathy and feelings of the audience. Cooper as the affectionate son and nephew, was easy, energetic, and correct; whilst Blanchard as the Clown, and Barrett and Keeley as Speedwell and Innocent, two characters that remind us forcibly of Bobadil and Master Stephen, were highly diverting. The female parts were likewise well sustained. Miss Chester looked the fortunate Widow to admiration, and out of compliment to her youth and beauty, her age was changed from thirty-seven to twenty-seven. She also acted the greater part of it very effectively. The only fault we can find with her is, that she is not a good speaker, and consequently, that when blank verse falls to her share, she does not always do justice to her author. Miss Lacy as Foster's angry wife, a sort of foil to the Widow, appeared in a new line of character, and it gives us pleasure to report that we never upon any former occasion saw her to so much advantage. As a whole, therefore, we consider the present attempt to have been highly successful, and we trust that the manner in which this Play has been received will encourage the Managers of our Theatres to search for something more. The reigns of Elizabeth and her successor abound with Comedies far superior to this; the pruning-knife used with a steady and judicious hand is all that is required to fit them for the stage. We shall then have an opportunity of seeing whether the taste of the town is really so depraved as it is supposed to be. We think not. At all events, with such a company as may now be brought together on the boards of this Theatre, the experiment is well worth any little trouble or expense it might give rise to.

The *Escape*, or the *Water Carrier*, has also been revived, and, with Cherubini's beautiful music and Fawcett's good acting, seems likely to equal its former popularity.

#### POLITICS.

THE King has experienced a slight attack of gout at Windsor; but, we rejoice to hear, is recovering.—No foreign news worth repeating.

#### VARIETIES.

The Griper, Captain Lyon, has returned to Portsmouth, having encountered such stormy weather when within a very short sail of *Repulse Bay* (in this instance too prophe-

lically named,) that she was rendered unfit for any farther voyage.

The late Rev. Charles Wolfe.—We learn from Mr. George Downes, a college companion and friend of this gentleman, that a collection of his MS. remains, in prose and verse, are preparing for publication. Mr. Wolfe entered Dublin University in 1809; and the lines on the burial of Sir John Moore appeared originally in a Dublin newspaper, under the signature of Academicus.—“The paper came into the hands of the late Rev. Dr. Davenport, then a Fellow of Trinity College, who, as Mr. W.'s tutor, was well acquainted with his genius. Judging from internal evidence that the poem was the production of his pupil, he read it aloud before the College Board, then went straight to Mr. W.'s chambers, and, putting the question directly to him, extorted an avowal that he was the author.” Mr. Downes, no incompetent judge, speaks highly of Wolfe's other compositions.

Three fragments, of Aulus Gellius and Cicero, have, it is stated, been discovered in one of the ancient German Abbeys.

Necrology.—The sciences have suffered a considerable loss in the death of M. Thouin, Member of the Institute of France, and Professor Administrator of the Royal Museum of Natural History at the Garden of Plants, where he died on the 27th ult., and was interred at Père la Chaise on the 29th. His funeral was attended by deputations from the Institute and the Museum. He was the friend and fellow-labourer of Buffon, Jussieu, Cuvier, &c.

Science.—The vital powers of some plants are yet but little known. Professor Cazzari presented recently to the Society of the Geofili of Florence, a branch of the *cotyledon coccinea* in full vegetation, although it had been detached from the plant sixteen months, and had remained by chance during the whole of this period wrapped up in a paper, and placed in a dark place that was very dry.

#### FACTILE.

No rum in the vault.—Some years ago, the lady of an English Baronet, who was cruelly suspected of being fond of genuine Jamaica, departed this life, and orders were sent to the Sexton to have the family vault opened to receive the body. He did so, but finding it full, he wrote back for answer, that he was sorry her ladyship could not be buried there, as there was no rum in the vault.

Experience makes the best doctors.—A man near Gloucester declares, that Salt is a certain cure for hydrophobia, as it has saved him six times after being bitten by mad dogs.

Accommodation for Man and Beast.—We understand that our old friend Jonathan W. Doubikins intends, on his return to New York, after having received a sufficient polishing “in Foreign parts,” to introduce, with a slight alteration, our old country ale-house notice, namely—“Accommodation for Man or BEAST,” to be painted in legible characters on the parlour doors of his quid-chewing countrymen. We would suggest that it be likewise introduced “at Congress.”

Bon Mot.—In a newspaper, the other day, it was announced that the wife of a Publisher of a Periodical, was delivered of her tenth child: “Aye,” (observed \*\*\* ) “that is quite appropriate; his works always appear in numbers.”

Puzzling Compliment.—“You look so very beautiful to-day,” said \*\*\*\*\* to a pretty girl, whom he met in the street, “that you

are truly *See Saw*.” “How is that?” said the lady. “Why, you are present and perfect,” replied the wit.

The theatre *Gymnase Dramatique* of Paris has changed its name to Theatre of Her Royal Highness Madame (the Duchess of Berri;) and the actors, aping those of the Theatre Français, who style themselves *Comédiens ordinaires du Roi*, have assumed the name of *Comédiens Ordinaires*. “Well,” said a wag, “I see the Gymnase tries to become popular, and admits the justice of the appellation long since bestowed on it by the public, as there was never two opinions as to the performers being ordinary comedians.”

French White-washing.—A Pamphlet, the success of which cannot possibly be doubtful, has been announced for publication at Paris, under the title of “*L'Art de faire promener ses creanciers*.” The work is ascribed to the witty and malicious pen which has already drawn up “Rules for obtaining Places, and for contracting Debts.” Will the press be able to furnish a sufficient number of copies for all who will wish to be purchasers?

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Medwin's Conversations have appeared in Paris from the press of the brothers Bandouin.

“Strange that there should such difference be ‘Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!” Discord runs high between the publishers of The Harmonicon and the publishers of the Dictionary of Musicians; the latter of whom have called in their copies, and cancelled all the parts which they had borrowed from the former. It appears from their statement that this was the doing of their Editor, without their knowledge; and that as soon as they were aware of the fact, they offered to make every reasonable compensation. This, we think, ought to have been accepted, and the matter left to the arbitration of two respectable men in the trade, instead of the parties going into acrimonious bickering, and legal remedies, which are so often worse than the disease they are sought to cure.

#### LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Hommage aux Dames, 9s.—Alice Allan, &c. &c. Tales by Alex. Wilson, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—M'Diarmid's Scrap-Book, Vol. 2, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Gilmour, or the Last Locking, 3 vols. 12mo. 21s.—Bacon on Advancement of Learning, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Robinson's Acts Apostolorum, 8vo. 9s. 6d.—Hamilton on the Doctrine of Election, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Knapp's Greek Testament, 8vo. 12s.—Wilkinson on Replevin, 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Littleton's Tenures, in English, 12mo. 9s.—Heraud's Stamp Duties, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Delane's Turnpike Laws, 12mo. 7s.

#### METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.....	4 from 33 to 47	29.70 to 29.74
Friday.....	5 “ 36—46	29.67—29.69
Saturday.....	6 “ 24—43	29.94—30.00
Sunday.....	7 “ 49—60	29.89—29.91
Monday.....	8 “ 49—58	29.68—29.69
Tuesday.....	9 “ 59—46	29.86—29.93
Wednesday.....	10 “ 42—57	29.80—29.70

Wind variable; SW. prevailing.—Generally overcast a little rain the latter part of the week.

Edmonton.

C. H. ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* We purpose giving a Memoir of the late Mr. Martin, and some of his original correspondence, next week. Previous arrangements shut us up, for the present, to Joe. His MS. is at our Office.

Advertisements of Books published cannot be inserted among our Literary Notices.

B. F. will find a note at our Office. Late Communications must stand over. After Wednesday, at latest, our arrangements for publishing do not admit of much alteration.

Errata.—In our last, p. 711, col. 1, l. 21-22, in mentioning Miss Edgeworth's contribution to “Friendship's Offering,” for “The Mental Thermometer,” a Novel thought to be written by Miss E., read “a Novel Thought, written by Miss E.”

In our hasty note of the election of Mr. Etty to the rank of a A.R.A. we fell into a mistake which a moment's reflection would have prevented; and alluded to Mr. Eastlake's much-admired Banditti pictures, instead of Mr. Etty's own brilliant compositions of quite another class.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**TO BOOKSELLERS.**—The Advertiser is desirous of purchasing either a Partnership in a respectable House, or an entire Business in the above line. He can command from £3 to £5000, and has selected his Apprenticeship to one of the first Houses in the Trade. Respectable references will be given. Communications (post paid) addressed to A. Z. Chapter Coffee-House, will receive immediate attention.

**THE NINE MAGNIFICENT TAPESTRIES,** the best long executed by order of Pope Leo X., from the **CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL**, for King Henry VIII., sold by order of the Commonwealth, 1649, with the private Property of Charles I. and purchased by the Spanish Ambassador for the sum of £5000. are just received from Spain, and are Open for Public Inspection, for a few days, at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly.

Admission ONE SHILLING.

**LORD BYRON and Mr. MURRAY.**—The EXAMINER of Sunday next, November 14th, will contain some Notice of the Question between the late Lord Byron and his former Publisher, and an Account of the Conduct of Mr. Murray, in relation to the Vision of Judgment, which neither Captain Medwin nor Mr. M. has noticed. Also an original Letter from Lord Byron to Mr. Murray, of a very different kind from those quoted in the latter's statement. Published by John Hunt, Tavistock-st. Covent Garden, and Sold by all News Vendors. Price 7d.

**THE ATTIC MISCELLANY, No. 1.**—“The Attic Miscellany is a clever, well-written, smart, and gentlemanlike publication, its subjects are well chosen, its information considerable, and, above all, its tone and feeling such as become literary and polished Society. In a word, it is free from the ribald humor, the blustering assertions, and the personality which disgrace some of its elder brethren.”—*Literary Gazette*, Oct. 16. London: Printed for James Carpenter & Son, Old Broad-street. This work will be published every two months: the Second Number on January 18th.

**THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. IV.**—Contents: 1. M.D. Elements of Political Economy. 2. Whewell's Treatise on Dynamics. 3. Hydrophobia. 4. Tales of a Traveller, by Geoffrey Crayon. 5. Brodie's History of the British Empire, from Charles I. to Restoration. 6. Toulmin's Tour through the Netherlands, &c. 7. The Book of Palaces. 8. Baratte Histoire des Deux de Bourgogne. 9. Periodical Literature. 1. The Quarterly Review. 2. The Edinburgh Review. 3. Disposition of Property by Will; Primogeniture. With a variety of Critical Notices.—London: Published by Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy: where may be had also reprints of the first three Numbers.

## IN THE PRESS.

On Monday will be published, **A FURTHER EXPOSURE OF THE MIS-STATEMENTS** contained in Mr. MEDWIN'S PRETENDED CONVERSATIONS with LORD BYRON. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

In a few days will be published, **DEBBERT'S BARONETAGE** of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, a new Edition, corrected to the Present Time, with a new Set of Plates. Printed for C. & J. Rivington, and the other Publishers. A new Edition (the greatest part re-written) of **DEBBERT'S PEERAGE** is in the Press.

On the 6th November will be published, in 3 vols. 12mo. 11. 1s. **WANDERINGS OF CHILDE HAROLD**, a Romance of Real Life, interspersed with Memoirs of the English Wife, from Chas. I. to the Restoration. By JOHN HARMAN BEDFORD, Lieutenant R.N. Author of *Views on the Shores of the Black Sea*, and who accompanied the Child of England, and witnessed a few months of his death.—Printed for Sherwood, Jones, & Co. Paternoster-row.

Very shortly will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo. with a Chart, &c. **TRAVELS IN THE REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA**, in 1825 and 1826. By G. MOLLIER. 144 Mr. Mollier, who is distinguished by his researches in Africa, in 1818, in this interesting narrative of his recent Travels, enters into a variety of details unnoticed by any other European writer. His work not only embraces a lively description of this province, and a faithful sketch of its revolution, but affords an account of the industry, trade, and agriculture of its inhabitants, of the greatest importance in the present state of our commercial relations with South America. London: Printed for Charles Knight, Pall Mall East.

Mr. Campbell's New Poem. On Monday, November 22, will be published, in Foolscap 8vo. **THEODORIC; a Domestic Tale.** And other Poems. By THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green. Of whom may be had, by the same Author, **The Pleasures of Hope**, with other Poems. In Foolscap 8vo. with Plates by R. Westall, R.A. 8s. 6d.

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The Plates may be had separate, to illustrate the former Edition: **The Pleasures of Hope**, 9s. 6d. and **Fanny 8vo.** Gertrude of Wyoming, 7s. 4d. and 4s. Foolscap 8vo.

On the 18th November will be published, by W. Simpkin & R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall-court, Ludgate-street, **THE CAMBRIA LUTARCH**, comprising

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Early in December will be published, with numerous Illustrative Engravings, **An Original System of Cookery and Confectionary**; comprising the varieties of English and Foreign Pastry, founded on more than thirty Years' practical experience in Families of the first distinction. By CONRAD COOK.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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